

# The Grail

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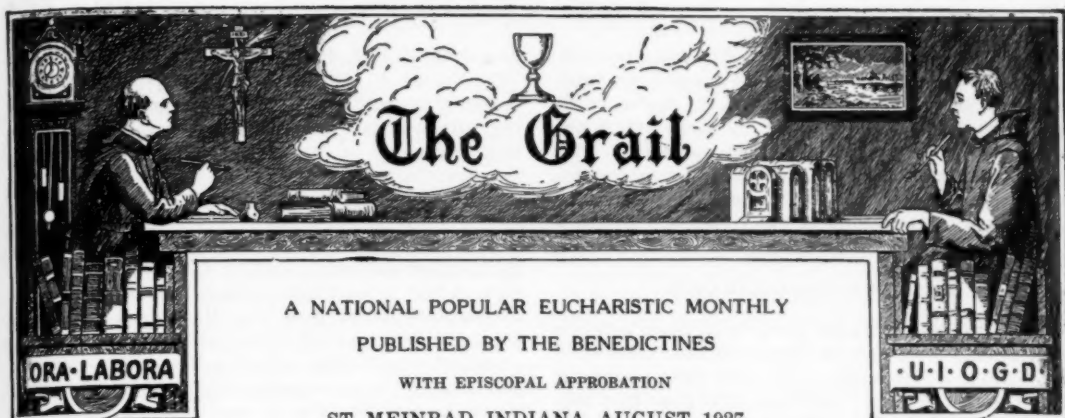
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TABLEAU—THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST—PASSION PLAY AT SELZACH, SWITZERLAND



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *An Age of Mission Activity*

Ours is an age of organized mission activity. It is no longer a case of individual effort as in former years. Religious orders of men and women are either actively engaged in the field or are at home endeavoring to sustain those at the front. In late years societies have sprung up for the sole purpose of laboring for the missions at home and abroad. The Church fosters mission societies that the faithful may also take an active part in the work of evangelization.

One of the greatest movements in our day for imparting the mission spirit and fostering it, is the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which has grown to gigantic proportions. The Holy See has encouraged this movement. Children in the grades, boys and girls in high school, young men and young women at college hear about the missions, read about the missions, imbibe the mission spirit, pray for the success of the missions, and in a hundred and one different ways, as ingenuity dictates, raise funds for the support of the missions. Thus in their school days students are filled with enthusiasm for the spread of the faith at home and in foreign lands. Many of these, who as a result of this widespread movement now have in their hearts a warm spot for the missions, will even in later life cherish a fondness for mission activity, for the mission spirit grows on one. May the good work proceed and prosper and go on and on.

In conclusion, we would again call the attention of our readers to a very simple mission activity that ought to appeal to every Catholic. It is the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. Although the League contains in itself "a maximum of purpose with a minimum of practice," it imposes no new obligations on anyone. It is truly catholic, all-embracing, for it seeks (1) to bring about peace and harmony among all Catholics; (2) to bring back to unity with the Church all the Christian sects, the Protestants of every denomination; (3) to bring into the one true Church all non-Christians, who form a great body of

many millions that have not as yet received baptism.

The requirements of the League, if such they may be called, are extremely simple: (1) to make a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, for the intentions of the League (and this offering may be made either orally or mentally—there is no prescribed formula); (2) to receive an occasional Holy Communion and attend Mass once in a while for the intentions of the League. There are no further obligations: no fees, no dues, no collections. However, it is recommended that members of the League take active part in the spread of Christianity and Christian unity by their good example, deeds, prayer, self-denial; by correcting wrong impressions, and by defending the Faith by the written and the spoken word whenever one has reason to hope that it can be done to advantage. In such activity we may well look to the laity to take part in our day.—For certificate of membership in the League application may be made to the editor of THE GRAIL.

### *The School—A Vexing Question*

The splendid parochial schools that grace so many of our parishes throughout the land, and the gradually increasing number of Catholic high schools for our boys and girls, are sufficient evidence that Catholics generally realize the importance of such schools for the education of their children. The fact, too, that the building and maintaining of these schools is a double burden voluntarily borne, is an eloquent proof that the faithful are awake to their duties and that they desire to cooperate in the bringing up of their children for God and country.

#### CATHOLIC SCHOOLS EFFICIENT

Not only are our schools increasing in number but also in efficiency. The Catholic sisterhoods and brotherhoods that teach in these schools take up teaching as a profession. With them it is a life work, not a stepping-stone to some other goal. At the close of each

school year the erstwhile teachers step down from the rostrum to occupy the more humble bench as pupils in the summer school to add a modicum to the knowledge they already have, to make themselves more proficient still, and to acquire a scholastic degree. That our schools are efficient we have proof in the numerous contests, local and national, that in recent years have been won over the pupils of other schools. A tree is known by its fruits.

#### JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE ONES

Since the Divine Master loved little ones, gathered them around Him, forbade anyone to keep them away from Him, and pronounced a woe upon those who should scandalize one of these little ones, it is clear that they are dear to Him. It is plain, then, that we have the duty to lead these little ones to Him, not only by means of good homes that are permeated by a religious atmosphere, and church, but also by the school. Besides sending their children to Mass and instruction on Sundays and Holydays, parents are in conscience bound to see that the children attend the Catholic school. They are responsible for the Christian education of their offspring.

#### WHY THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL?

There are many reasons why "every Catholic child should be in a Catholic school." Among other reasons its faith is preserved and fostered; its morals are safeguarded by example, prayer, and the sacraments; its conduct is governed by principles of Christian morality. Religion is ever at hand to guide and guard and sustain the child. All these benefits of religion help our children to gain knowledge, acquire virtue, and become God-fearing men and women. Unfortunately these advantages are wanting in the public school system. Consequently the faith and the morals of the child are constantly endangered by companions who make light of the faith and whose morals are governed by pagan principles. In fact, in the public school no definite code of morals from a Christian standpoint can be maintained.

#### WEIGHTY REASONS

Whence came the numerous suicides among students of our state institutions during the past ten months? Whence comes the malodorous doctrine of birth control, which is spreading everywhere? Whence come the many other evils of our day, except from the pagan principles imbibed in our state schools? If things continue to go on in this wise, without the moderating influence of religion, where shall we be in another generation or two—knocking at the gates of pagan Rome of old? That is the present reading of the compass.

There are teachers in the public schools who are prejudiced against the Church, and who, because of their distorted views and narrow-mindedness, ridicule Catholic faith and practices at every opportunity possible, especially in literature and history; other teachers inculcate the principles of atheism. The *Literary*

*Digest* for July 2, 1927, carried a two-page article on "The Spread of Atheism in the Schools" that will bear serious thought, "Atheism," says the article, "is spreading with astonishing rapidity in the schools, colleges, and universities of the country, and is even extending into juvenile ranks."

#### THE CATHOLIC'S DUTY

Catholic parents and guardians, your duty is plain—there is but one course open to you. You are responsible to God in no small measure for the preservation of the faith in the little ones He has placed in your keeping. Send your children to the Catholic school—parochial school, high school, college, if in any way possible. If you are culpably negligent in this regard, you may one day have to answer for the souls that were lost through your negligence and indifference.

#### Patron of "Aeroplanists"

The *Ave Maria* quotes the London *Tablet* as recommending that the Blessed Charles Carnus, a martyr of the French Revolution who was beatified last October, be chosen as the patron of flying-men. The Blessed Carnus is suggested because in 1784 he made a successful ascension in a balloon of his own, attaining a height of more than 2700 feet.

It is not likely, comments the *Ave Maria*, that any saint can be the patron of flying-men with so much appropriateness as St. Christopher is the patron of motorists. Since that genial giant's occupation was that of wading a river, with passengers on his shoulders, it may be truly said that he operated a ford. Of course, there was the Prophet Elias, who was borne aloft in a fiery chariot, and there are the angels. Why not St. Gabriel, the Archangel, who "flew" to earth, bringing us the Incarnation?

#### Missionaries Dig up the Hatchet

By an INDIAN MISSIONARY

(Concluded from last month)

NOTE:—This article is written by a missionary who has labored for eleven years among the Sioux in South Dakota and is printed at the request of all the missionaries who recently gathered to discuss some of their problems.

Suppose all the priests and sisters who are in want through the country could send out these begging letters to all Catholic people whose names and addresses they could obtain. Why suppose a thing that is merely theoretical? We might as well worry ourselves by supposing what would happen if every priest in the United States were to insist on going to some foreign country to labor. The worry, labors, and difficulties of getting funds by letters of appeal are so great that very few priests will undertake the task. Many good priests and even good missionaries have declared that they would never tackle such a job, even though their needs were urgent and though results would more than justify



the appeal. Moreover, why do we have bishops? It is the bishop's place to decide what missions are so needy, or where the opportunities are so good that an appeal to the public is warranted. It is unreasonable to suppose that any priest could send out a letter of appeal without the approval of the bishop. And are we not right in supposing that the bishop knows more about the needs of his missions than does the head of some charity organization who has never even visited the mission in question? "And Sisters"—Is it right to use the name of our religious sisters in this connection? What more devoted, unselfish, generous, and loyal workers has the Church than these? Who will begrudge them the money a few of them collect and use to carry on a work which is necessary and which no one else is willing to undertake?

*Would it not be a scandal which the Church would have to suppress as quickly as possible? To this our answer is: Yes, it would be more than a scandal, it would be an eye opener to those in power. They would realize then how great are the needs of the missions; and we are inclined to believe that our people would be urged to give more generously than ever, through the collecting organizations as well as in response to the individual call. Yes, were all those in need to broadcast their state of need, the revelation would indeed be a scandal. People would look at each other in horror and would repeat the exclamation that the missionary so often hears: "Is it possible that such conditions exist?" The truth of the matter is that the missions' needs are not properly advertised. Informing the Catholic public of the state of the missions is a task too great for the collecting agencies we already have. The private appeal comes to their aid, and opens the eye of the public to specific cases of need and to a particular opportunity of doing good. The people are willing to give when they know of certain cases that need help. It is human nature to be generous to a particular cause that one comes into personal contact with, when the bare mention of generalities falls flat. What would become of the flood sufferers in Louisiana these days if their distress were published only after six months or a year in some monthly magazine? Apply this rule to the missions, their needs, their opportunities! An efficient appeal must be prompt and specific.*

*The—Society does not help any individual priest who begs through the mails not so much because the need advanced is not a worthy one, but simply because the work of the—Society is helping those priests who are quietly and zealously doing their missionary work without being so bold as to appeal to the Catholic people. If—Society chooses not to help an individual priest who begs through the mails, that is entirely its own affair. But on the other hand the said individual appeal has a right not to be hampered in its effort, by uncalled-for criticism. It must be remembered here that they both have the proper authority. The individual priest who collects through the mails for his mission has the permission of the bishop, and the bishop has his authority from the Holy See. If—Society chooses to help those priests who are "quietly and zeal-*

*ously doing their work," well and good. More power to them! But on the other hand, it is uncalled for to style as "bold" those priests who have found that their only alternative is to go ahead with their work by their individual effort and individual appeal. There is a certain kind of boldness that is praiseworthy. St. Paul was bold when he stood in the streets of Athens and preached the Gospel to the populace. St. Francis of Assisi was an individual beggar. He went from house to house, begging help for God's poor. To-day we have our Little Sisters of the Poor. Who would dare to call them bold? Some complain of their being a nuisance, but think what their work means to the unfortunate children of Mother Church! It must be remembered at all times that even among the clergy human nature is varied. Some are inclined to pursue their work in one way, and others are compelled to follow another path. Each usually succeeds, some by "doing their work quietly," while others must adopt "bolder" methods. "There are divers spirits," says Holy Writ.*

*Our Catholic people are fast being educated into the knowledge that the individual priest who appeals for himself usually receives more than he needs for his actual wants, whereas the priest who does not avail himself of such methods receives no help whatsoever except from properly organized and authorized institutions such as the — — — Society. We think that the word "educate" is not happily chosen. Nor do we agree with the statement that follows. Education means the training of the mind to truth. But who will agree*

*(Continued on page 182)*

## Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

### 8. The Sanctuary Call

The snake that glides through swamp, o'er land,  
Proud of its panoply of steel  
And nimble course, at times doth feel  
Some fairy's fascinating wand.

And many a youth, mid merry din  
And throbbing fulness of his life,  
Finds gentler chords in gentle strife  
Touched by some angel power within.

And as he prays at God's own hour  
Before the tabernacled Host,  
The call comes with insistence most  
From depths of that angelic bower.

"Poor child of earth, poor child of earth,  
Rich child of heaven wouldst become,  
If thou wouldst yield up heart and home  
And live for things of highest worth:—

To make and break the Bread most white  
And drink the chalice of pure joy;  
To shield Eve's children from decoy  
And paralyze the serpent's might."

## A Memorable Day

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

*Father Rembert's First Mass—an Occasion of Common Interest and Universal Rejoicing*

ST. JOSEPH'S had donned its gala dress for the event. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. For the first time in its history a son of the parish stood at the altar as a priest of God. His hands, still moist with the unction of the ordination rite, held aloft the Sacred Host as the Victim of Salvation. Not a few of the worshippers betrayed their emotion by the glistening tears that sparkled in their eyes. They could not realize that this Father Rembert was none other than Joey Hern who had been everyone's favorite as a boy. Yet, as they beheld him in his sacred vestments, they always imagined they saw beside the young priest Joey, the little Mass server of bygone days; when they heard his now manly voice chant with solemn accent the ever-beautiful *Preface* and *Pater Noster*, they perceived an undertone in the soprano key of Joey, the little chorister.

Among the happiest of the happy were, of course, Father Rembert himself, his privileged, now widowed, mother, and good Father Gilbert. They had all made sacrifices and had given a test of their generosity. Oh, how truly Mrs. Hern now grasped the truth of the saying: "No one can outdo God in generosity." How she now regretted her one-time opposition to her son's vocation. Many mothers envied Mrs. Hern on this day. They would have given their all to exchange places with her at this moment. When the elevation bell sounded, the mother asked herself: "Is it possible that God Himself is now going to obey the bidding of my own boy and make Himself present here at his quivering word?" When she approached the Communion railing to receive out of the hands of her dear son—God's own Son—Mary's Son—she had no words to express her emotions whilst many of the onlookers whispered to themselves "how grand!"

Father Gilbert was the preacher of the day. His well-chosen words came from his heart and went to other hearts. He felt that this was the psychological moment for stressing the importance of priestly vocations. He outlined the priestly life, painted in glowing colors the dignity of the priesthood and its powers, dwelt on the necessary qualities of a true vocation, and pleaded with boys and parents to heed the gentle whisper of the Holy Ghost. Making the words of the psalmist his own, he appealed most

touchingly: "To-day if you hear His voice, harden not your hearts." He granted that sacrifices would be called for, but he added: "They are sacrifices without regrets. If you do not believe me, ask the young priest and his thrice happy mother on this very day."

In the throng of the worshippers there was one whose heart beat almost as rapidly as that of Mrs. Hern herself. He felt that there was some sort of bond between himself and the new priest. It is true they had been boyhood friends, but something else seemed to link them together still. This interested person was Larry Clarke. He would bide his chance to have a good interview with Father Rembert.

Towards evening the young priest, seeking a few moments for himself, strolled leisurely on the rectory lawn. He heard someone's "honk! honk!" near by. Larry saw his opportunity. He urged his priest friend to take a ride with him.

"Very well," consented Father Rembert. "This will give me two things: a little fresh air, and your pleasant company. But my absence must be brief."

"As you will, Father," agreed Larry only too glad to get this much.

When the chauffeur had "stepped on the gas," he opened up his question box: "Say, Father, prophecy is naturally afoot these days. People are speculating on what you are now going to be and going to do. They have made you out about everything up to Bishop or Pope."

Father Rembert passed the comment off with an "I should worry" and a slight shrug of the shoulders. Then he continued: "Larry, I am a religious. My first obligation is to obey. Hence, I am going to return to my monastery and there await further orders. Whilst I may be assigned to the teaching staff, or commissioned to do parish work as pastor or assistant, or selected for a missionary career, it is at present all immaterial to me. I shall lose no sleep over the matter. In all these capacities I can observe my vows. In fact, all these duties are elevated to very acts of religion by the vows. Of course, in a Benedictine monastery the first place is given to the so-called Work of God, the Divine Office."

"But," argued Larry, "if you get an especial assignment, you will not be apt to find much leisure for the chanting of the Office. You re-

member you explained to me on my first visit to St. Alban's that your spiritual exercises demand about six hours of your time every day."

"You don't understand," corrected the priest. "The work is so arranged as to fit in for the most part between the periods allotted to the spiritual exercises."

"As one of your probable tasks you mention teaching," Larry resumed. "Of course, each one has his tastes, but I for my part should never enjoy teaching. Oh, excuse me for the jolt, for I didn't see that bump."

Again Father Rembert smiled as he set his companion right: "Tastes, be they likes or dislikes, should not enter into the bargain in my case. I want the merit of obedience. As to teaching, why it's a noble work, especially when it has about it the halo of the supernatural. The Prophet Daniel says: 'They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that instruct many to justice as stars for all eternity.' These words certainly apply to those who, so to say, interlock their teaching with spiritual exercises and thus give it a sacred glow and a certain consecration. The teaching to which I may be destined has a higher claim to nobility still. It is education given

to such as will in turn instruct hundreds and possibly thousands of others unto justice; it is the education of the future priest. If it is a highly meritorious work to extend material aid to a deserving student preparing for the sacred ministry, it must be doubly pleasing to God to devote one's life to the immediate formation and development of the priest-to-be: to shield him in his perilous years from dangers and temptations; and to impart to him the knowledge and science necessary to his sacred calling; and to help mold his character, form his habits, and acquire virtues in view of the holiness of the sacerdotal state. If any one who in some respect has been responsible for a youth's elevation to the priesthood can claim a share in the future priest's work what will be the portion of him who is directly instrumental in leading not only one but possibly twelve, or fifteen, or twenty annually to the altar of God? Why, there is the home of the Devines with Mr. and Mrs. Devine on the veranda! Let us shut off the gas for a minute. I owe them some recognition for the aid they gave me in my student days."

"Well, Father Hern, or rather Father Rembert, I should say, we were just delighted this morning," began the lady with quite a polished



A FIRST MASS IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

accent. "I was at this very moment telling Mr. Devine that I regretted only one thing."

"May I inquire the cause of your difficulty?"

"It is the fact that you are lost to the diocese," she explained with a tilt of her head and a smack of her lips. "What superbly grand work you could now do!"

"Aha!" thought Larry, "there's a nut for you to crack."

Recalling her charitable deeds, Father Rembert, thus calmly reasoned with his benefactress: "You see, Mrs. Devine, there are various ways of looking at a matter. In the first place, each one is responsible to God for following that particular vocation to which the Holy Ghost seems to direct him. Hence, any one, young man or young woman, is lost to no diocese by listening attentively to, and by following, the inner voice whatever that may be. Moreover, you must concede that whoever labors spiritually in a diocese is a blessing to that diocese."

"Most assuredly," she stressed with great determination.

"Very well," continued Father Rembert quite gently, "then you must count as a boon to the diocese also him who, whether he lives in the diocese or outside of it, devotes his attention and care, his time and talents, his labor and prayer to the preparation of the priests who come to this diocese. Would the Church ordain any man to the priesthood if someone had not first assumed the responsibility of training him? Now, such work may probably fall to my lot not only in regard to the future priests of this diocese but of other dioceses as well."

By this time Mr. Devine had become somewhat nettled at his better half. "I told the old woman," he drawled, turning to Larry, "I'd bet that haystack, and old Brindle to boot, again a last season's straw hat the young priest knows his own business."

"Father, I beg your pardon," Mrs. Devine apologized. "From what you just said I begin to realize under how great an obligation we are to the trainers of our priests. I regret that I never thought of this before."

Happy at seeing the misunderstanding removed, Father Rembert and his chauffeur left the Devines in good cheer. But scarcely had the Chevrolet sped on a mile when a loud bang told the occupants that they must halt for repairs.

Larry got out his tool kit and Father Rembert grasped the jack. "Nothing doing, Father," the chauffeur protested. "You will soil your clothes."

"Never mind, Larry. A little practice won't do any harm. If I should be booked for the missions among the Indians, I should probably

often find myself alone on the wide prairies with possibly more than one flat or punctured tire of my 'tin Lizzie.' A missionary often has to rough it. For that reason, a little experience of this kind may come in handy some day."

Father Rembert accordingly did his portion of the work. At the rectory he found a few clerical friends awaiting him. These, too, discussed future possibilities and tried to prepare the slate for the appointments soon to be made in monastery and diocese.

"Is there any possibility that you may be assigned to parish work?" inquired Father Doran of the new priest.

Father Gilbert now ventured to answer for Father Rembert: "He doesn't know what the future has in store for him. Assistants are needed in a number of our parishes. I myself could use one. The superior tells me he could place ten Father Remberts right now, if he had them; besides the demand on the part of the parishes there is need for a missionary band to conduct missions, retreats, and Forty Hour devotions. A number of men could be kept busy answering emergency calls from bishops and priests; the teaching staff is well-nigh overloaded and looks for relief; the missions are crying for help in man power as well as in money. Thus there is an appeal from all quarters, but the wherewithal in men is not on hand to respond favorably."

"That means," spoke up Father Daley, "if we want assistance in time of sickness, pressing work, or vacation, we must help supply men for future needs."

"That's one solution," corroborated Father Gilbert. "With good promising candidates the force could eventually be replenished."

"But are all your Fathers employed?" queried Father Regan. "Your number cannot fall far short of thirty."

"Count them up, Father Rembert," urged Father Gilbert. "You are on the scene and have the line-up better than I."

"You know," began the junior clergyman, "there are in every Benedictine monastery, besides the Rt. Rev. Abbot, also two subordinate superiors, the Prior and the Subprior. About twenty Fathers of our community are engaged in teaching in the seminary, while the charge of the treasury, printing office, farm, and the like, is committed to others. Then one must not forget those whose locks have whitened under the pressure of labor and years of active service."

"I envy the priests in the last category," Father Doran interrupted. "I know them. They have done their day's work and now in the evening of their life they find a place in their tranquil cells with all the encouragement, example,

(Continued on page 174)



## Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

### CHAPTER 12

#### A DELIGHTFUL EXCURSION

A FEW days later the small colony left Paris for Montmorency. It was Mme. de Lussey's first visit to her old home, since her husband's death, and it was fraught with sad memories at every turn. A profound melancholy overwhelmed her and for the first few days she remained alone in her apartment praying for strength and resignation, till at length she felt able to return with a smiling countenance to her usual occupations. Strange to say she found Stella, though pleased and grateful for her new and pleasant surroundings, did not profit, as Eliane had expected of the change. She seemed pensive, preoccupied. There was evidently something wanting to her happiness. She had lessons in music, dancing, drawing, and made rapid progress, but the clouds remained.

At length Mme. de Lussey began to think it might be physical and determined to try the sulphur baths at Enghien. At all events the excursion would be a diversion, and it proved so. The sight of so many children of her own age, with their happy faces and merry voices, delighted her. They welcomed her with joy and one day while her mother was chatting with an old friend, they carried Stella off to enjoy the fun. One girl of her own age attracted her attention. She had such lovely black eyes and sweet expression.

"You have never seen me," said her new friend, "but I have often watched you. We are neighbors at Montmorency. The terrace of our garden looks down on yours. Come, let us be friends. If you sit under the big elm tree, that is just by the wall, I will let you know when I arrive."

"Oh, how nice," exclaimed Stella, coloring up with pleasure, "I will be sure to be there at 2 o'clock."

They had no time

for more, as Eliane came for Stella.

The next day the appointed hour found Stella at her post, her eyes fixed on the wall. She had not long to wait. A ball came flying through the air falling at her feet, and then appeared the smiling countenance of her new friend.

"I was so pleased to have made your acquaintance yesterday," she began. "Just fancy, I am all alone in this big home with my governess. I think I should have died of dullness if I had not met with you."

"And I'm just as glad to meet you. But what a strange idea to climb the wall to speak to me."

"I didn't climb up. Our terrace is several feet above your garden. It is not the first time I have been here and longed to speak, but you looked so serious I did not dare. Now the ice is broken and I see you are not displeased."

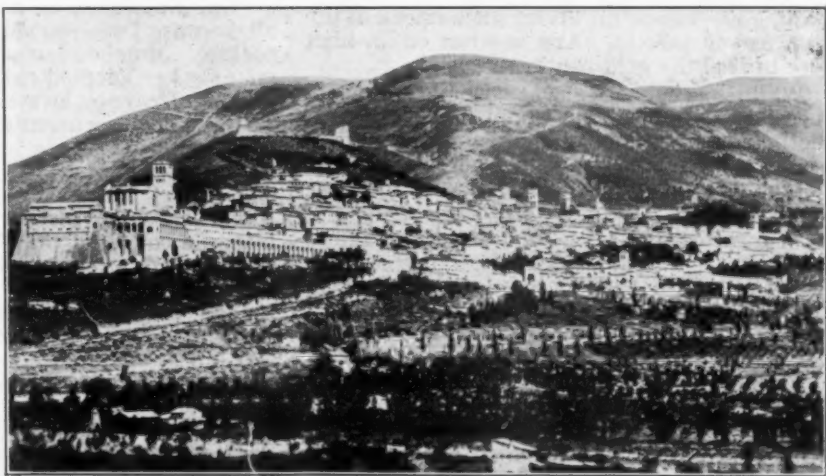
"Displeased. Indeed, I'm not, and as a proof of friendship I will send back the ball with my love, and if you agree you can return it."

"All right. Here goes." And the pair were soon engaged in a merry game of ball while their peals of laughter rang through the air. All of a sudden the small neighbor exclaimed, "Can't you come in here to me, it would be much more amusing?"

"I don't want to ask the permission and could not go without."

"But can't you do as you like?"

"Oh, yes, more than you, I expect. My mother is most indulgent."



ASSISI IN ITALY

"Then why won't you ask her. Is she old and sickly?"

"Oh, no. She is young and beautiful as an angel."

"A black angel, I expect and cross as a stick."

"Indeed she is not," cried Stella indignantly. "Tis you who are the black angel. My mother is goodness personified. But who are you and what do you do all day in that big garden?"

"Oh, I am Madeleine de Tressin. My father is away in Paris all the week and my mother lives nearly the whole year in Italy for her health and I have my purgatory in this life, being left alone with my governess, Miss Edith, who never allows me out of her sight, this morning, however, as luck would have it, she had a headache and is gone to rest. So I was able to come, but before she could finish her sentence a shrill voice was heard calling: 'Madeleine, Madeleine, where are you, dear?'"

"There's Miss Edith," groaned poor Madeleine, "I must be off. Can you be here to-morrow same time?"

"Yes, yes, I'll be sure to be here. Good-bye. I'm so sorry you have to go."

"So am I. But I forgot to ask your name?"

"Stella."

"What a pretty name. And your mother's?"

"Madame de Lussey. She is a widow and very young."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-four, I think, and I am ten."

"How strange," Madeleine murmured to herself. "Twenty-four and ten. That's queer."

"Where are you, dear?" repeated the uneasy Miss Edith.

"I'm coming in a minute. Good-bye, dear Stella. Better luck to-morrow, I trust. Same hour." And Madeleine disappeared.

"Oh, dear Lord, I thank you," cried Stella, joining her hands, for giving me a friend of my own age to talk to. And she ran off in high glee to feed the gold fish in the pond.

While thus engaged she saw Eliane approaching and ran to meet her. I am so glad, dearest mother," she exclaimed embracing her, "to see you here. I feared you would never leave that horrid room again. You'll stay with me now, won't you?"

"Yes, dear child. I will not leave you again. But it was here that I passed the happiest years of my young life with those beloved ones whom the good God has taken from me and their memories brought back all my grief. Pardon me for having neglected you so long in my sorrow. It is past now and I hope forever."

"Oh, dear Mother, do not grieve. I will try to be your consolation, your compensation for all you have suffered. Come sit down here. I have something to tell you."

She then related all we already know that

had passed between her and Madeleine. Eliane was very pleased and promised to call on Miss Edith the next day.

However, the morning's post brought a letter from Mme. de Lussey's notary, requiring her immediate presence in Paris.

It was a lovely day, and Stella now at peace, since her confidence with her mother, sat under the elm joyfully awaiting the arrival of her new friend. She had not been there long when a rustling in the branches, followed by a drop on the ground, announced the sudden arrival of Madeleine, panting for breath.

"But how on earth did you get here?" exclaimed Stella so surprised that she forgot to say "Good morning."

"Look," replied her visitor, pointing to a small ladder resting against the wall, "I am so glad to see you. I thought I would never get away. Miss Edith was so devoted and wanted to play chess instead of taking her siesta, but I managed to slip and here I am," and the two friends embraced, laughing merrily.

"Mother is gone to Paris on business, so we can have a good time. I told her about you and she was quite pleased and is going to call on Miss Edith to-morrow. Won't that be nice?"

"Well, yes, but I think I liked the fun of tricking her best. Now I want you to explain how it is that you are ten years old and your mother only four and twenty. And then you speak of her as Madame; but if she is your mother, and you love her, why do you call her Madame? There is some secret here. Come now, Stella, be frank with me. Tell me your story and I will tell you mine. Beneath all my outward gaiety and frolic, I hide a sad and aching heart within. Come relate to me your sorrows and I will tell you mine," and the big eyes filled up with tears.

"Oh, Madeleine, do not cry. I will tell you all, because I see you can understand and sympathize. Mme. de Lussey is not my mother. I am only her adopted child, but she really loves me and I cannot love her equally in return. There is an insurmountable obstacle which she is ignorant of."

"Oh, Stella, what do I hear and what an extraordinary coincidence. I am also an adopted child. I lost my mother when an infant. My father, a cousin of the Marquis de Tressin and his secretary, accompanied him with the family to Italy, where he had been sent as ambassador. Passing through the mountains, the party was attacked by brigands. My father was killed, and before he expired besought the Marquis to provide for me. He promised. The rest of the party escaped unhurt, but they found the nurse in a dying state under a tree and the child gone. You can imagine their grief. On their return, the Marquis sent for me and has treated and loved me ever since as his own, but

the sight of me brings so forcibly before the mind of the Marchioness the loss of her child that she cannot endure my presence and lives in Italy. On the rare occasions that she returns home, I am always sent away and yet I love her with all my heart and would die for her to-morrow. But go on, dear Stella, tell me the rest."

"Poor dear Madeleine. You are indeed to be pitied much more than I am. Mme. de Lussey does not treat me like that, and if she did, I think it would kill me. When did you see her last?"

"A few months ago. There was a death in the family and she was obliged to return. Oh, Stella, she looked so beautiful in her long black robes. I do love her so."

"And does the Marquis come here to see you?"

"Not during the week. He is occupied at the embassy, but on Sundays and feasts he is always here and is so good to me, a real father, but it is a mother's love I crave for and nothing else can satisfy my longing."

"How strange that we should both have this strong desire? This hunger and thirst for a mother's love? And though differently situated, suffer in the same way. But the good God will hear our prayers sooner or later. I feel sure, Madeleine, you will touch the heart of the Marchioness. Take courage."

"God grant it may be so, but I am not worthy of the affection Mme. de Lussey lavishes on you."

"Yes, she loves me now, but alas, I cannot help feeling that as time goes on, that affection may cool, she will grow weary of my presence and regret having brought into her house a little gypsy girl, unworthy of her love."

As may be seen Susanna's perfidious suggestions had sunk only too deeply into Stella's loving young heart.

The two children were so engrossed in their mutual confidences, that they did not feel the time pass till Miss Edith's voice sounded in their ears, calling, "Madeleine, Madeleine! Where are you child?"

"They hurriedly said good-bye, and Madeleine was up the ladder in an instant, like a squirrel, and disappeared. Stella watched her with tearful eyes, then wended her way towards the house.

## CHAPTER 13

### STELLA AND MADELEINE

Mme. de Lussey's business had not detained her long in Paris. On her return she went to look for Stella, pretty sure of finding her in her favorite haunt under the elm tree. As she drew near she was surprised to hear voices, Stella's she recognized, but who was her companion? Drawing the branches carefully aside she saw

the bright smiling countenance of Madeleine, all animation and interested in Stella's history. It was almost concluded when Mme. de Lussey arrived, and she listened with deep emotion to the end.

"Poor child," she said to herself, "she believes my affection for her will vanish as a dream as she grows older. Oh, if I could only convince her that my love is deep and real? But I see now that words are useless, I must proceed to acts. Poor child!" Mme. de Lussey passed the best part of the night in concocting her plans of operations, and as soon as convenience would permit, presented herself at M. de Tressin's mansion and asked to see Miss Edith.

She was ushered into a richly furnished room and in a few minutes the governess appeared. She was simply attired in a white dress and had a pleasing manner. Her countenance was very agreeable and she greeted Eliane with a smile that made her feel at once quite at home and at her ease. She had seen at a glance that her charming visitor had some more important reason than mere politeness in calling on her.

"Can I be of any use to you, Madame?" she inquired in so friendly a tone that it put Eliane quite at her ease and encouraged her to speak and lay open to her all her difficulties about Stella's education and the idea she had conceived of placing her with Madeleine under Miss Edith's tuition. The governess, who was quite captivated by the courtesy and amiability of the Countess, entered eagerly into her plans and willingly consented, if M. de Tressin approved, to receive Stella as a companion to her own pupil.

"The Marquis has full confidence in me," she  
(Continued on page 165)

## A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament

NANCY BUCKLEY

How sweet, when purple shadows fall  
And the setting sun illumines all  
My world, to steal awhile away  
And keep a loving tryst each day:

Where shines a ruddy little light  
Before a door all golden-bright,  
How sweet to tell the hopes, the fears  
Of pain, of heartaches and of tears,  
Of pressing cares that near me stalk  
As down life's thorny way I walk;  
To be with God; to know His will  
Is mine; to rest, serene and still  
Upon His heart; to speak to Him  
At even in the chapel dim.

O God, that I might always be  
As I am now—alone with Thee!

## All on a Summer's Cruise---From Liberty to Lisbon

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

THE day of all days—Sailing Day! Confusion—tears at parting—laughs of joy and expectancy—scurrying of porters and stewards—steamer baskets with rare delicacies even from foreign climes! Flowers—bunches of flowers—boxes of flowers—baskets of flowers—so many flowers that they can not all be distributed until the next day—surprise and fulfilled expectation!

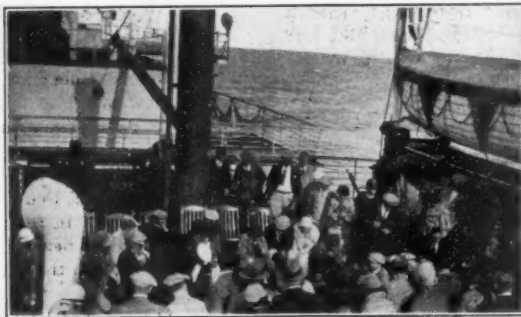
Not merely one, but three palatial steamers of a world-famed line lie at the piers, engines pulsating, and thousands of mechanical horses straining at their nautical leashes, ready for a word of command. The "ocean greyhound," the holder of all transatlantic records for speed, sets sail, followed closely by her smaller sister filled with a record passenger list of students and professional people. And now, the most interesting of all—a cruise ship—departing on a two-months' voyage for foreign lands! What adventures her passengers will have! What friendships will be formed from the close associations during the ensuing months! Now she sounds her warning blast! "All ashore that's going ashore!" What a thrill! What a delicious shiver runs down one's spine! A feeling of joy and sadness seizes her passengers as they realize that they have severed communications with "terra firma." The gangways are drawn, the little tugs struggle manfully, she moves astern, rights about, and follows her two sisters to sea, her flags all floating gracefully in the evening breezes. Powerful as she is strange to say, she is almost helpless to work herself in and out of her slip at the pier without causing much damage to other craft!

Let us make the trip on the cruise ship—she promises to be the most interesting. As we sail down the harbor, we give a last, long, look at the symbol of our land—the Statue of Liberty! Her hand is raised aloft—is it in a salutation of farewell? We can almost imagine so, and hope that we, as well as she, may fare well while we are gone. This is our last point of contact with our native land for many a day, so let us devote ourselves to the ship and to the business of being at sea!

First of all—mail and telegrams to be read; table assignments to be secured (of course, we can not all sit at the Captain's table!); deck chairs to be engaged; cabins, staterooms, and mayhap unknown cabin mates to be inspected! Dinner on sailing night is a very informal affair; the passengers are left to their own devices for the evening; but time hangs heavily on no one's hands.

Now follow eight delicious days at sea, as lazy or as energetic as each one wishes; there is a round of teas; of get-together meetings; travel lectures; organization of clubs; gymnastic races, consisting of one-legged races, three legged races, sack races, egg races, singing contests, and finally a cake-walk, with a real cake as the prize! There are morning plunges for the energetic; dancing and daily dozen classes; steeple chase races, where the wrong horse always comes in first—but we are consoled by the fact that the proceeds of the races all go to the widows and children of seamen, on both sides of the Atlantic; masquerade balls; costume balls, to say nothing of our Fourth of July dinner and dance—everything is provided for, planned to suit the most varied tastes. Every day at tea time the ship's orchestra gives an hour's program of classical and popular music; every evening they play for dancing, or give another concert. We are fortunate enough to have many talented people among the passengers, and enjoy programs presented by them.

The Atlantic is on its best behavior, and looks like a lovely, blue lake shimmering in the sunlight; the sunsets are gorgeous and invite everyone out on deck to catch old Sol's last rays, as he sinks into the western waters; no one would dare even to think of being seasick on such a sea! A whole book could be written about our crossing, but we must land! At dinner on the evening of the eighth day, we find at our places at the dinner table programs and instructions for the next day. Our stewards call us early on the morning of the ninth day, and we find that Lisbon has appeared on the horizon, and we are actually at anchor at her docks—one of the



SPORTS ON DECK—THE STEEPLECHASE





THE VEGETABLE MAN IS CALLING

most beautiful sights imaginable! The sun shines more brightly than we have ever seen it, lighting up the white houses; and gloomy cypress trees, always associated with funereal affairs, form an imposing background from the distant burial ground, bringing the white of the buildings into sharper relief.

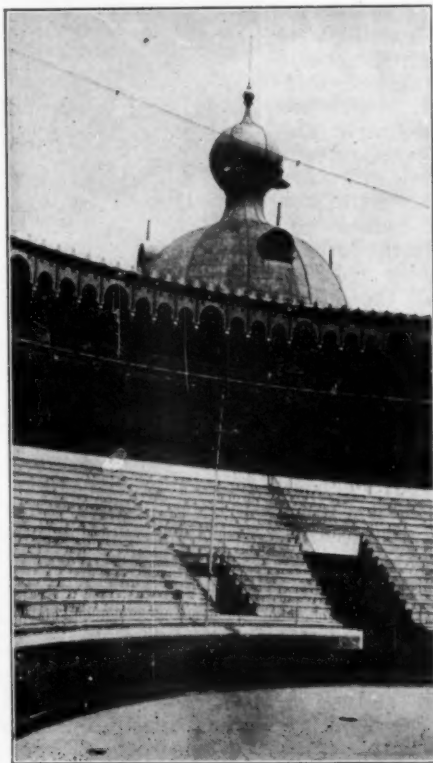
The whole day is spent in sightseeing in the city of Lisbon; we ride about in luxurious motors, representing the best makes of America and Europe—six hundred people are taken for drives simultaneously! This is as big a day for Lisbon as it is for us—our stares are returned with as much curiosity as they are given—verily a "mutual admiration society"! Tradition says that Ulysses founded Lisbon, and the present name is the survival of the early name which, translated, means "The City of the Friendly Bay." Whether this is all true or not, at least we found it a "City of Friendly People."

The Avenida du Liberdade is Portugal's most beautiful street, and it enjoys a world-wide reputation. The Rocio is a handsome square into which many streets run; its paving is done in mosaics, in a wave-like pattern, and hence we hear the name, "Rolling-Motion Square." The Square contains a statue of Dom Pedro IV, a former King of Portugal, and is surrounded by the theatre of Dona Maria II and by business houses. Nearby is a smaller square, where one finds the principal Hotel and the Central Railway Station.

Passing the fish wharves, a very important feature of the life of Lisbon, we arrive shortly at the Church and Monastery of Santa Maria, also Jeronimos, in the locality called Belem, a corruption of the word "Bethlehem." It is said that Prince Henry the Navigator once had a chapel on this spot, and it was from this particular point that Vasco da Gama sailed on his remarkable voyage to find India; on his return

in 1499, the King, Manuel I, decided to erect a memorial in his honor, and the following year laid the first stone of the Monastery of St. Jerome, on the site of Prince Henry's old chapel. The remains of the discoverer occupy an important place in the transept of the chapel, and the south door further honors him by an exceptionally well-carved statue of da Gama, the Apostles, and the Virgin. Nearby the burial place of da Gama is that of Camoens, the greatest epic writer Portugal has even known. Since early in the nineteenth century, the convent buildings have been occupied by an orphanage, and we see dozens of small boys, all with shaven heads, blue smocks, and long trousers, clustering about the strangers eagerly or peering around corners—and we are glad that the Monastery has been devoted to such a worthy cause.

In another direction, we are taken up a precipitous street and reach the Hill of Our Lady, whence we gain a marvellous view of Lisbon—the city of eleven hills, lying along the Tagus river, far from the ocean's billows. On this Hill is an ancient olive tree, said to be over nine



THE BULL RING IN LISBON

*The Moorish architecture is well portrayed. The larger opening is the gate where the bull enters the ring.*

hundred years old—gnarled, knotted, and branching out in every conceivable direction. The Hill acquires its name from the Chapel, which is very small, but intensely interesting. Within, one of the most unusual features is the presence of small figures of wax, hanging on the walls. These are thank-offerings from ones who have been sick or afflicted, and who have been restored to health. A waxen figure, representing the afflicted part, such as a hand, an eye, a foot, or an ear, is dedicated and hung up in the chapel. We even notice a tiny lamb among the offerings, and learn that it signifies the recovery of some child's pet.

The "Museu Nacional dos Coches," or National Museum of Coaches, is one of the most unique attractions of Lisbon. Here we find preserved the carriages which have featured in many celebrations and have carried many illustrious personages in the history of Portugal.

Even the history of England is closely associated with that of Portugal, and we see the carriages in which Kings and Queens of England rode. The Museum is also the armory, and contains the various types of riding habits and uniforms formerly worn. As we leave the Museum, we encounter a really exciting scene — soldiers, armed, mounted,

and in great activity! What is it all about? Another revolution! The President, who had held his office a paltry three weeks, has been deposed and carried away, outside of the city! How thrilled we are! This will be something to talk about for years to come! When we read of another revolution in Portugal, as we most certainly shall, in the safety of our own homes, we shall instantly recall this experience, and our reading will not be mere words any more. The revolution was practically bloodless, as they generally are, but none the less thrilling. All was tranquil the next day, and we were at liberty to go about at will with no signs of disorder. If you look closely in the picture, you will be able to discern the words "Museu Nacional dos Coches" over the door, you will get an idea of the beautiful architecture of Lisbon, and will glimpse a little local color in the old lady with a scarf tied

over her head, and a shawl draped about her, in spite of the intense heat of July! Also, notice the two women carrying baskets—they are baskets such as are carried by the majority of the people on the streets, and probably contain fish. They look as if they might be mother and daughter, and when you learn that the business of selling fish is carried on almost exclusively by the women, and that the trade is handed down from mother to daughter, you will easily be won over to by supposition.

The burro is used very generally for transporting burdens of all kinds. Witness this little fellow in the picture—and this is really a very light load! One often wonders how he maintains his equilibrium from the height of the load he carries. His owner rides him to work early in the morning, and home again at night, mounted on a very colorful saddlecloth. The little girl did not want her face to show, a very

rare state of affairs, as one generally cannot keep out the bystanders from a picture.

The lower class take their week's wash to the river's edge, where they rub it on a piece of rock in lieu of a washboard — this is really as much of a social gathering to them as everything else: for it is here that they exchange the current gossip of their

doings of their friends!

We notice boys in long, black, military-looking coats, even in the middle of the day, under the scorching sun, and are told that they are University students who wear this costume all year round. We glean interesting facts about the public schools: The children are required to attend school ten months each year, and also to visit the seashore and the beautiful public gardens and parks, for which Lisbon is renowned. The government meets the expense of these visits, by furnishing free transportation to the designated places.

We encounter many beggars, old and young: it seems to be a favorite outdoor sport with the inhabitants! The children beg for "Pennees," and the men cry out, "Cigaretto! Cigaretto!" to the occupants of the passing automobiles.

(Continued on page 165)



THE ARMORY AT LISBON

*Actual Scene of troops during a recent revolution.*

## Benedictines and Catholic University of Peking

LEON A. MCNEILL

(Concluded)

THE Catholic University of Peking is thoroughly a missionary enterprise. Although education is a more or less indirect means to sanctification and is considered of secondary importance by many, it is nevertheless an unquestionably worthy phase of mission activity. The Catholic University of Peking purposes to furnish Chinese students and especially Catholics with higher education of a sound Christian character. It hopes to build up a well equipped and powerful group of Catholic leaders, clerical and lay. It will endeavor to send forth graduates who will be able to take their places in the front ranks of the scholars, professional men, and statesmen, who will be ready and able to meet their neighbors on an equal basis in every honest walk of life. Its graduates will be expected to lecture in the halls of learning, to trade in the marts of business, to deliberate in the assemblies of statesmen. Thus they will be able to infuse Catholic principles into the social life of the nation. They will defend the rights of the Church, champion and promote the cause of religion, and win for it in admiration and following possible in no other way. By reason of their power and influence they will advance the work of the missions and, by the grace of God, hasten the conversion of the nation.

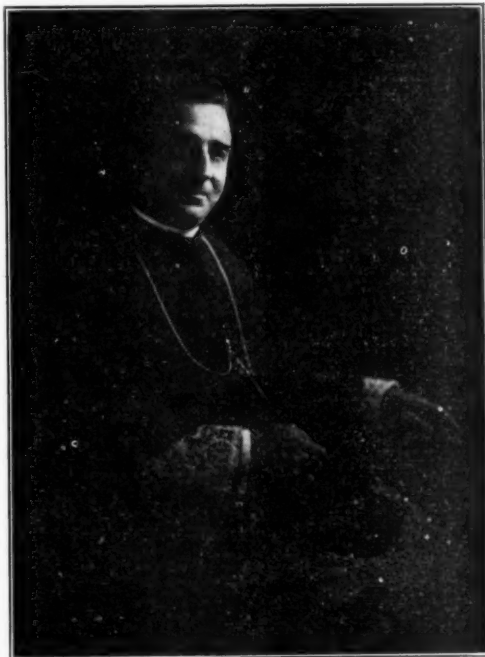
The Catholic Church was literally forced to undertake higher education in China whether she willed to do so or not. The people of re-awakened China are burning with an unquenchable thirst for learning. The student class has risen tremendously in power and has become a factor demanding recognition. These youthful hot headed Orientals are being saturated with knowledge of a new and startling content; they

are drunk with the deluge of ideas flowing in from the modern world of the West. Unable to distinguish the good from the bad, they have become inoculated and inflamed with the most revolutionary ideas; and not being subject to sound moral discipline and to the sobering influence of divine religion, they are swelled up with intellectual pride. Protestants have sensed and made heroic efforts to meet China's demand for education. They have established a number

of universities of different kinds which are fully equipped, ably staffed, and liberally endowed. But far from building up a modest and Christian group of intellectuals, the Protestants, because of their watery religion and their imprudent insistence upon the most advanced democratic and even revolutionary theories, have helped to inflame the mind of youthful China. The Catholic Church, by establishing the Catholic University of Peking, is earnestly endeavoring to give the knowledge-thirsty Orientals sound Christian education, the kind of education which will illumine the mind, mold the will, and purify the heart.

The Peking foundation comes at a time when the old order in China is crumbling fast away and when the civilization of many centuries is

yielding place to a new social structure. This Catholic institution of higher learning will help to save the best elements of the dying civilization and to remold them along Christian lines. The University is entrusted to the Benedictines, who have had centuries of experience and uncanny success in a number of similar situations in the past. When hordes of barbarians swept over Europe threatening to engulf completely the Graeco-Roman civilization, it was the monk followers of the great Western Patriarch who preserved the cultural heritage of the past in



RT. REV. AURELIUS STEHLE, O. S. B., D. D., LL. D.

*Archabbot of St. Vincent Archabbey and Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peking.*

their houses of learning and prayer; it was the monks also who lived and labored among the uncouth invaders, winning them to Christ in the most romantic spiritual conquest of the ages. Sons of St. Benedict shared largely in building up the new Christian civilization which endured throughout the Ages of Faith. A similar situation confronts the Benedictines in China to-day; may God grant the Benedictines at Peking light and strength to accomplish their bit in the great task for which the experience of centuries has fitted them.

But aside from the work which the University will accomplish as a center of Christian learning, the very presence of a new monastic house cannot be other than a blessing for China. Mr. Herbert W. van Couenhoven, writing in the *America* of March 20, 1926, expressed himself as follows, "But, above all, any Catholic who knows China at all well, will cry to heaven day and night that there may be established in every Vicariate in the 'Middle Kingdom' a monastery of true monks, . . . who, acquiring large estates, will live on them until death, content like the prophet David to arise early in the morning to sing God's praises, to offer the Sacrifice of Thanksgiving, to feed on the Bread of Angels, to meditate on the Word of God, to intercede for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon their pagan surroundings, and then go out into their lands, safely inclosed by strong walls, to till the soil which is theirs, until the barren desert blossoms like the garden of Paradise." "When China is covered with religious houses such as these, each a self-sufficing citadel of the Holy Gospel in action, then some fine day we will wake up to find China Catholic. There is one such Evangelical fortress there now. I refer to the Cistercian (Trappist) Abbey of our Lady of Consolation, in the Province of Chihli, some ninety miles northwest of Peking. When there are at least seventeen more such abbeys, Cistercian or other, in the 'Celestial Republic,' then can the Chinese begin to look up, for then will their redemption as a nation be drawing nigh."

How true are the gentleman's words may be seen by quoting from the Encyclical Letter of Pius XI on the Missions, issued February 28, 1926: "Let us call to your attention that great monastery which the reformed Cistercians of La Trappe founded in the Apostolic Vicariate of Peking, where there are nearly one hundred monks of whom the majority are Chinese, and just as they, by the exercise of the most perfect virtue, by continual prayer, by austerity of life, by manual labor, placate the Divine Majesty and render it propitious to themselves and to the pagans so likewise by the efficacy of their example do they win those very pagans to Jesus Christ." It is true that the Holy Father was

here speaking more properly of the contemplative orders, but much that is said of the Cistercians, who are really a branch of the original Benedictine Order, will also apply to the Black Benedictines of to-day. Hence in the entrusting of the Catholic University of Peking to the Benedictines, and in the establishment of another monastic center in China, we can see the guiding finger of Divine Providence.

The policy of the University—that it should be saturated throughout with the Catholic spirit of Christ's Universal Church—is only befitting a missionary enterprise of the Church. But we cannot fail to note the aim of those in charge to make the institution as Chinese as possible in regard to studies, faculty, personnel, style of architecture, etc., in hope that it will ultimately become a firmly rooted indigenous institution entirely in charge of the natives of the country. Bearing in mind the fast developing national consciousness of the Chinese people and the violent anti-foreign spirit which pervades all classes of Chinese society, we are tempted to call this basic policy of the new foundation not only timely and expedient but truly Providential.

Those who have kept themselves more or less informed as to the situation in China the past few years may fear that the Catholic University of Peking will be destroyed in the deluge of internal disturbances. Perhaps their fears are well grounded; it is even within the realms of possibility that the University will have closed its doors and that its local habitation will be a mass of ruins when this paper comes to light. Be that as it may, we shall give our honest convictions in regard to the situation as it looks to-day. There will probably be fighting in China for some years to come. It is an open question as to just when any one of the warring chieftains will become strong enough to obtain and hold power throughout the vast Middle Kingdom. Meanwhile the Catholic missions are bound to suffer, whether it be due to depredations of irregular groups of bandits or to organized troops of soldiers; whether it springs from the intense anti-foreign spirit which has been aroused, or whether it may be traced to directly anti-religious hatred of the Red element. But there is reason for hope in the fact that neither Chang Tso-lin nor his ally, Wu Pei-fu, in the North, nor Chiang Kai-shek—for some months now the strong man in the South—has declared his forces to be in opposition to Christianity. In fact, Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior General of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, who has been to China a number of times and is constantly in touch with Maryknollers over there, looks upon the present crisis as the dark hour just before the dawn. Another fact, which gives us



all the more hope that the Catholic University of Peking will be spared in the disturbances, is that Peking is in the northern part of the country while the Red element has its strength mostly in the southern section. Canton in the South was for several years the hotbed of Bolsheviki propaganda, but this spring the Reds have made Hankow in Central China their headquarters and have broken away from the moderate element of the southern revolutionary forces. So with the Reds weak and suppressed in the North and faced by decided and open opposition in the South, it seems to be a well-grounded hope that a Catholic University in the Northern Capital will suffer but little direct annoyance from the foes of religion.

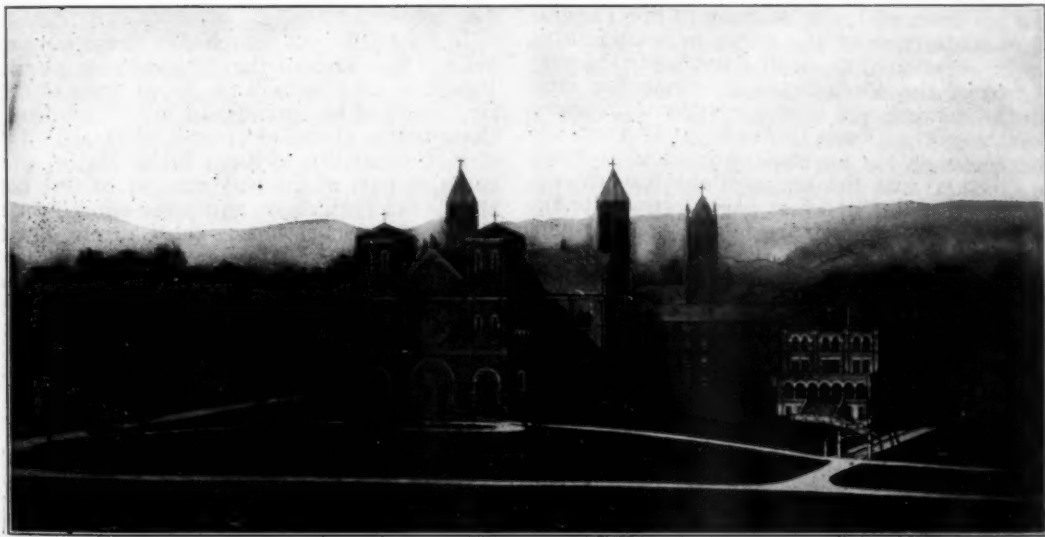
There are a number of reasons why Americans should be interested in the new foundation at Peking, and why they should rally to its support. Of all the World Powers, America is looked upon most favorably by the Chinese. Our Oriental neighbors realize that America is powerful and are convinced that she is at least probably honest and disinterested in dealing with weaker nations. This attitude of the Chinese gives America the opportunity to turn her sympathy for the struggling, new-born republic into the extension of a helping though unofficial hand. Hence, Americans should look upon the founding of an institution of higher Christian learning in China as an opportunity to render a great service to a sister nation.

American Catholics should support the Peking University for the same reasons which move them to support worthy missionary enterprise of the Church throughout the world.

Europe is weak from the devastation of the terrible war and is too engrossed with internal problems to devote the needed attention to foreign mission work. As a result, the Church in America, young, energetic, pulsating with vitality, and powerful in resources, has become the backbone and mainstay of the missions. And to no country have we given more of our men, means, and prayers in these late years than to China. The Peking Foundation is one more of our worthy foreign mission projects and to it also we must give our full measure of support. The Catholic University of Peking has been established by American Benedictines. From its beginning the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has commended it to the generosity of Bishops and faithful, especially of America. It is an undertaking dear to the heart of the Holy Father, who has blessed all connected with it. The Apostolic Delegate to China has called it a noble work, promised it his own whole-hearted cooperation, and has recommended the plan by which it solicits support from the faithful of the United States. Surely we have here an evident call to duty, to aid our own countrymen and brethren in the faith to accomplish the work so zealously begun.

The Benedictine Fathers of St. Vincent Archabbey have organized a Society of Friends of the Catholic University of Peking, in order to facilitate and systematize the support given by American Catholics. This was done at the earnest recommendation of his Excellency Archbishop Celso Constantini, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to China, who wrote to Archabbot Aure-

*(Continued on page 174)*



ST. VINCENT ARCHABBEY, BEATTY, PA.

## Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

### WESTWARD

**J**ERUSALEM was for some time the only place where the Holy Eucharistic Sacrifice rose daily to heaven, and where the Eucharistic banquet sanctified the zealous Christian souls. But according to the prophecy of Malachy it was destined to become the sacrifice of the whole earth, from the rising to the setting of the sun. We Westerns consider the prophecy literally fulfilled as far as we are concerned; for us it started in Jerusalem and moved from there towards the West to us; and our forbears signified this view by turning the choirs of our churches towards the East, i. e., towards Jerusalem.

Western or Latin Christendom owes the faith and the Holy Sacrifice before all other Apostles to Saint Peter, whose missionary journeys from the beginning turned westwards; and, of course, wherever he went he celebrated the Holy Eucharist. First he went to Lydda to visit those who had already been converted to the faith; naturally he would there break for them the bread of life, as he had done previously daily in Jerusalem. Also those who were converted in the town and in the surrounding plane of Saron by the cure of the paralyzed Aeneas, and who were baptized, would partake of the holy banquet.

Again, when he was called to the neighboring sea town of Joppe, to raise to life Tabitha, the benefactress of the poor; he would bring the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice to the very shores of the Mediterranean, which for some centuries were the center of Christian sacrificial worship. From thence Saint Peter moved the scene of his apostolic work and worship to Cesarea, into the house of the Roman centurion Cornelius, the first pagan convert to the Church, who had not previously gone through some form of Judaism; like the treasurer of the Queen of Ethiopia and many others. Here he stood practically on Roman ground, Cesarea being the Roman capital of Palestine and virtually a pagan city, just as Antioch, the Roman capital of Syria, whence he fixed his see for a time later on.

We do not know whether he went from Antioch directly to Rome, or whether he returned to Palestine and took ship to Rome from Cesarea, as did his apostolic fellow martyr Saint Paul. At any rate, when he went to Italy he pursued the westward movement and made Rome the center of the Christian faith and of

the Eucharistic worship in the West. This fact had all the more significance, as by the destruction of Jerusalem, Christianity there was for some time extinguished, and the holy Supper Room, like all the other Christian oratories, was practically annihilated. Only very gradually was it possible for the Christians to rebuild the walls of the first Eucharistic sanctuary on Mount Sion.

In the fourth century when Saint Helena went to Palestine she built a fairly large church over the premises, which included the spot of the Cenaculum; and in this holy place, as well as in those sanctified by our Lord's Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension (the three events specially commemorated by holy Mass), there commenced solemn celebrations of the most sacred Christian events, with which the offering of the Holy Eucharist was always closely connected. Then arose a new practice, with which we are now quite familiar, viz., that of reading at holy Mass those portions of the Holy Scriptures, especially of the Gospel, which have reference to the day and those events which were commemorated then and there. It was Saint Jerome, who lived for some years as a monk in Bethlehem, who brought this custom to Rome under Pope Damasus; this holy Pope not only adopted it, but also composed Mass prayers harmonizing and varying with the different feasts and seasons, as we have it now in our missals.

In time different churches in Rome were considered to represent the different holy places in Palestine, and the solemn Papal Mass of "Statio," marked in our missals, was celebrated in these votive churches on special feasts. Thus, e. g., the basilica of Saint Mary Major, which contains part of the holy manger of Our Lord, stands for Bethlehem, and is the church for the Christmas celebrations; the Church of the Holy Cross, in the foundation of which some soil from Calvary was enclosed, and which possesses a large relic of the true Cross, represents Mount Calvary and is the "Statio" on Good Friday; the Church of the Holy Redeemer, popularly known as Saint John Lateran on account of the title of its baptistery, is for Rome the Cathedral Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is therefore the scene of the Easter baptism celebrations, which formerly commenced on Saturday afternoon and finished on Sunday morning; Pentecost is solemnly kept at Saint Peter's in Rome, because it represents the first church of the Apostles in the Supper Room on

Mount Sion, on which the Holy Ghost descended; and for the same reason the feast of the Ascension has also its "Statio" here, for Christ with his disciples started for Mount Olivet from the Cenaculum.

As Holy Mass is, above all, the sacramental remembrance and renewal of our Lord's sacrifice on the cross, every altar stone surmounted by the crucifix reminds us of Calvary, whilst the sepulcher of the altar, containing relics of the martyrs, the glorified members of Christ's mystical body, is a representation of the Holy Sepulcher. Whilst it is true that the use of the Latin tongue at holy Mass did not arise in Jerusalem, we have at least one Mass prayer which, coming from the East, is still maintained in our Eucharistic service, viz., the Greek "Kyrie eleison." Greek was in Saint Peter's time in Rome the language of the converted Jews and the educated pagans, and he would use that language in the liturgy. But later on when Latin was gradually introduced, the old Greek petition for mercy had become so sacred and popular that it remained unchanged to our own days.

A comparison with the ancient Oriental liturgies shows that the principal elements of all liturgies had a common apostolic origin in Jerusalem, all consisting of a preparatory part, the offertory, the consecration, the communion, and some final prayers. But when we study the question more closely, we find that the Roman, and its branch, the Milan or Ambrosian, liturgy are more closely related than the others to that of Jerusalem in the fourth century, inasmuch as both, like that of Jerusalem, pay more attention in the selection of their scripture lessons and the composition of their variable prayers to the circle of the ecclesiastical year, and by this means take us annually in a spiritual pilgrimage through the holy places of Palestine.

### Orphan Stella

(Continued from page 157)

added, "and I feel sure will be delighted to give dear Madeleine a companion of her own age to share her studies and amusements in this lonely place where she has no society but mine."

"He is absent during the week but comes home on Sundays. It is touching to witness the affection he shows her, but the long absence of the Marchioness is a sword of sorrow in his heart. For my part, Madame, I will welcome Stella as my own child and may I hope that as the children are to become friends, I may also, have the honor of being admitted among yours."

Mme. de Lussey, much affected, cordially em-

braced the young English girl, and assured her of her friendship.

That afternoon Stella and Madeleine were formally introduced to each other, to their great joy and delight, and next day began their studies together under Miss Edith's direction. For Stella there now began a new existence. The clouds vanished from her brow and a smile was on her lips, while her attitude towards her adopted mother became affectionate and gay.

Madeleine was not less content. She could not do enough for Stella, trying to help her in every way. But now we must leave them and take our readers to another land.

(To be continued)

### All on a Summer's Cruise

(Continued from page 160)

Relief Unions take care of funerals for the very poor—we observe funeral processions with white carriages, signifying the cortege of a child, and with black, representing that of an adult. The carriage is merely a pushcart with a canopy, and the mourners form the means of transportation. Passing nearby to one of these processions, we perceive very clearly that embalming is not performed for the dead.

Lord Byron at one time had a handsome residence at "Cintra," one of Portugal's most beautiful summer resorts; no more pleasing drive can be imagined than one through the Portuguese Riviera to Cintra. Nearby are Pena Castle, the summer home of the exiled Kings; Monserrate Gardens, one of the best, if not the best, Botanical Gardens of Europe; and the Village Palace of Cintra, the former residence of the late Queen Mother—one of the oldest Moorish palaces on the whole peninsula.

We even see movie posters, advertising many of our own stars—such as Douglas Fairbanks and Gloria Swanson! There seem to be no stars among their own people, or else they have no fame in their own country.

While at Lisbon, we eat and sleep on the ship—"our floating hotel." One morning is left free for shopping, or whatever we choose—we must be aboard by noon, however, if we don't want to be left behind. Venders of embroideries from Madeira, laces, and of flowers, take up their quarters on the dock at our arrival, and remain until the gangplank is drawn; we buy huge armfuls of Marguerites, which grow to enormous proportions under these warm skies.

We appreciate a restful half day and night at sea, asking how much everyone paid for everything, fearful lest someone else drove a closer bargain than we—and eating and sleeping, for to-morrow we must be fresh and rested for Cadiz!

# The Communion Rail Ends the Quest for the Grail

BURTON CONFREY

## IV\*

**S**IR BORS represents a difficult problem in the training of youth. Of all those following the quest he had the least endowment. He was as good as Lancelot and Percivale, but he simply was not the type for a spiritual cause. His most commendable attribute was, perhaps, his humility, which moved him to think how worthy Lancelot was and how he could possibly help Lancelot achieve his quest.

Meekness is worth striving for and usually offers a sturdy fight, as Cardinal Vaughan's biography (by Snead-Cox, p. 28) reveals:

To-day N. called after absence on business. I might have congratulated him, encouraged him, sent him away quite happy and full of spirit; but I said nothing of the kind. I kept him waiting, refused his request without expressing regret, probably let him see that I was treating him as one to be got rid of, and so we parted. . . . A tradesman in a shop said, "What a beautiful day it has been. My curt reply was, "Has it been a good day for you?" thinking it had not. I had a grave and forbidding countenance most of the day. At prayers to-night very dry; asked God to speak to me. And after a while I saw clearly what an unchristian beast I had been to-day; I saw that N. had been a splendid opportunity and that I had lost it altogether. I saw that I might have cheered the tradesman, that I might have been Our Lord to him—I had not been a Christian or even a human being, to him.

Thank God for showing me this so clearly. A distinct light such as this will set me on the right track to-morrow. One can represent Our Lord and bestow kindness and charity—

1. By a smile, by a bright and sympathetic countenance. This can be bestowed on servants and everyone where no words need be uttered. To do so when low and out of humor will be a splendid exercise in the practice of killing my self-love—the thing I am

asking for perhaps a hundred times a day. I must as Christ's representative, leave priests and people happier, or improved for having spoken to me.

2. By thinking what pleasant and encouraging thing I can say to So-and-so who has just come to interrupt me, and saying it.

3. By avoiding any sarcastic remark, any cold and chilling reception of another's remark, any morose sign of displeasure or ill humor. Now we'll begin again, and thanks to God for all his mercies.

If, however, the subject's feeling of inferiority prevents his doing his work well, he must be lifted out of his dejection or roused from his apathy.

## MY REACTIONS TO "IDEALS OF YOUTH"

Usually, when I read a work similar to "Ideals of Youth" I am depressed and am given over to thoughts of my own littleness. When, however, I had finished this oration, my feelings were exactly opposite to these just named.

Prior to my coming to Notre Dame, the estimation I had of myself different from the boys with whom I came in contact—whether I thought myself to be better or worse I do not know, but I felt that there was some sort of difference.

From the lines of the book I learned that most young fellows have a wrong impression of life. They consider it to be a "bed of roses" and become greatly downcast when they meet with slight reverses. I have been in this position many times: if things do not go right I quickly develop a case of "blues," and find myself wishing that I was anywhere but in my present position.

But the main things that caused me to believe that there was no great difference between myself and my associates, was that every fellow has an ideal for which he strives.

By a simple method of deduction I arrived at my equality conclusion. I reasoned that if every fellow who hopes to succeed has an ideal, then surely I must be one of the majority

\* These articles show some of the results of frequent and daily communion among university students.  
—EDITOR.



because an ideal to me is a sort of "patron saint"—some person whom I hope to imitate in order to attain his or her degree of perfection.

The feeling that you are "different" is not at all pleasant. Since reading the oration I have become convinced that I am just a "regular fellow." I hope that others have the same estimation of me.

Bors was too easily satisfied

"He well had been content  
Not to have seen, so Lancelot might have seen  
The Holy Cup of healing . . . . .  
. . . . .  
If God would send the vision, well; if not,  
The quest and he were in the hands of Heaven.

There would seem to be more hope for an aggressive individual who, though uncharitable, could be made conscious of his shortcomings and encouraged to mend his ways.

#### A MEDITATION FOR MONDAY

(dedicated to the Holy Ghost)

To-day I used as guide the suggestions on page 30 of *A Eucharistic Manual* (published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament). In preparation I considered three questions: Who is Christ? To whom does He come? and Why does He come?

1. I ponder the balm the Lord has prepared for the bitter of heart that their bitterness may be soothed, that they may forget their sorrows. I am bitter. I am pessimistic. I am a fault-finder. I crab the other fellow's act. I tell my companions their faults. I set myself up as judge. I depreciate others' efforts. I am never a booster; I hold off attempting to do anything to help things along; but I am always there with the hammer to pick flaws in others' efforts. I chill popular praise.

"With silent smiles of slow disparagement" I seek to make my actions appear better than they are. I exaggerate in talking about myself. I interpret incidents so as to attract favorable notice to my doings. I boast. I am a small soul. I am a fool.

"Come, Holy Ghost, enter my mind and enlighten me that I may know the things of God and follow them. Grant me wisdom that I may comprehend the exceeding greatness and power and beauty of heavenly things and learn to love them beyond the passing

satisfactions and joys of this earth."

"Jesus, help me. Show me my companions as brothers of Thee. Flood me with love of Thee and make me conscious of Thy pleading that I forego the cutting remark, the sneer, the hateful glance. Help me put a guard on my tongue. Help me to be kind and considerate.

Mother of Good Counsel, turn my heart to that which is pleasing to God. Direct my efforts toward eternal rewards. Teach me to love my neighbor as myself for love of God. Impress on me the ugliness of my meanness and lack of charity.

2. Christ comes to me fortunate among thousands because of being born a Catholic. God comes to strengthen me, to help me. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? of the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Overcome me with shame, sweet Jesus, for my lack of appreciation. I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word and my soul shall be healed."

3. Christ comes to drown me in charity. If, at first, I cannot watch my speech from love of God, He will make me realize how much I lose in companionship because of my bitterness, my unkindness, my sarcastic remarks. If I do not care what my neighbors' opinions are, if in foolish pride, I think myself superior to them He will show me my unworthiness in the sight of God.

In thanksgiving I am silent awaiting his suggestion. In aspiration I resolve to guard my tongue this day.


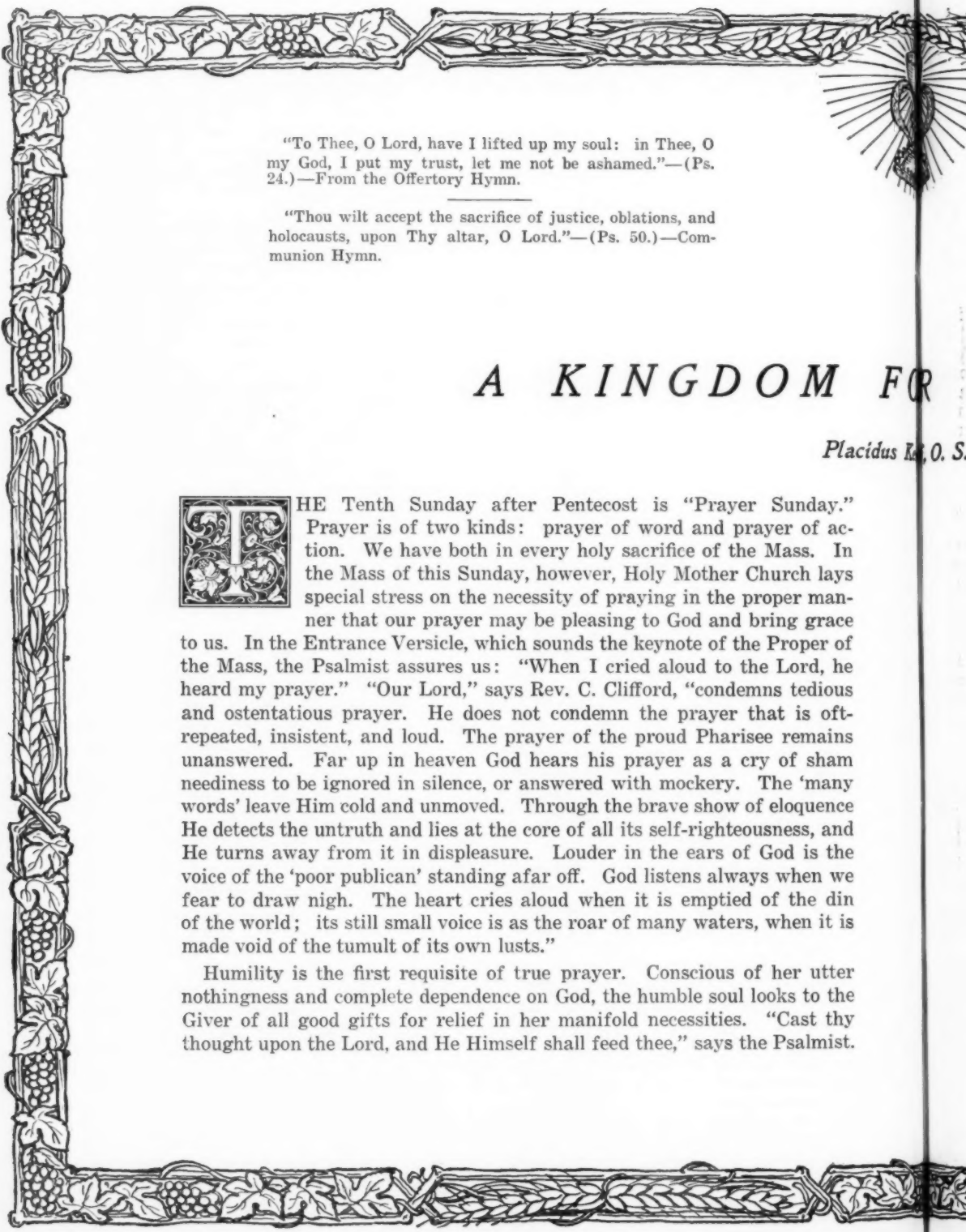
(To be continued)

### Revolt

ROXANNA GRATE

The old Catalpa, lashed to fury, strains  
Its earth-bound roots, and challenges the sky  
To spill its threatening storm clouds. From on high  
The answer comes flashing down jagged veins  
Of fire. Pitiless, the driving rain's  
Sharp flail bruises the cowering leaves that lie  
Trembling before the onslaught, or that fly  
For Sanctuary against my window panes.

O heart, why lift you in defiant mood  
Your puny standards of revolt? Why brave  
You, rash and impotent, the storms that beat  
And bear you down? Ah! know you not how sweet  
It is to lie still, vanquished in that flood  
Which needs must overwhelm, if it would save?



"To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul: in Thee, O my God, I put my trust, let me not be ashamed."—(Ps. 24.)—From the Offertory Hymn.

"Thou wilt accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and holocausts, upon Thy altar, O Lord."—(Ps. 50.)—Communion Hymn.

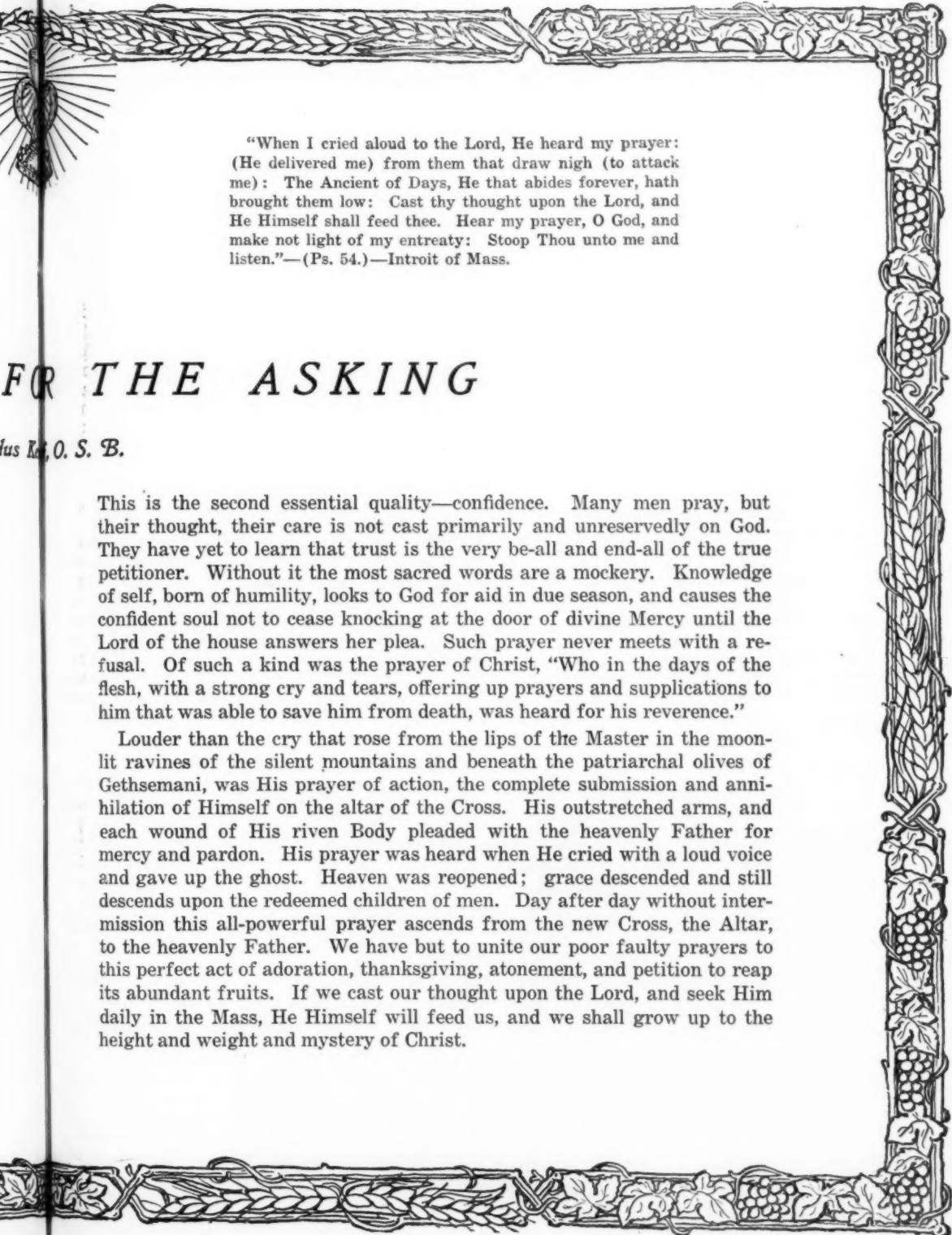
## A KINGDOM FOR

*Placidus M., O. S.*



THE Tenth Sunday after Pentecost is "Prayer Sunday." Prayer is of two kinds: prayer of word and prayer of action. We have both in every holy sacrifice of the Mass. In the Mass of this Sunday, however, Holy Mother Church lays special stress on the necessity of praying in the proper manner that our prayer may be pleasing to God and bring grace to us. In the Entrance Versicle, which sounds the keynote of the Proper of the Mass, the Psalmist assures us: "When I cried aloud to the Lord, he heard my prayer." "Our Lord," says Rev. C. Clifford, "condemns tedious and ostentatious prayer. He does not condemn the prayer that is oft-repeated, insistent, and loud. The prayer of the proud Pharisee remains unanswered. Far up in heaven God hears his prayer as a cry of sham neediness to be ignored in silence, or answered with mockery. The 'many words' leave Him cold and unmoved. Through the brave show of eloquence He detects the untruth and lies at the core of all its self-righteousness, and He turns away from it in displeasure. Louder in the ears of God is the voice of the 'poor publican' standing afar off. God listens always when we fear to draw nigh. The heart cries aloud when it is emptied of the din of the world; its still small voice is as the roar of many waters, when it is made void of the tumult of its own lusts."

Humility is the first requisite of true prayer. Conscious of her utter nothingness and complete dependence on God, the humble soul looks to the Giver of all good gifts for relief in her manifold necessities. "Cast thy thought upon the Lord, and He Himself shall feed thee," says the Psalmist.



"When I cried aloud to the Lord, He heard my prayer: (He delivered me) from them that draw nigh (to attack me): The Ancient of Days, He that abides forever, hath brought them low: Cast thy thought upon the Lord, and He Himself shall feed thee. Hear my prayer, O God, and make not light of my entreaty: Stoop Thou unto me and listen."—(Ps. 54.)—Introit of Mass.

## FOR THE ASKING

*Mass Read, O. S. B.*

This is the second essential quality—confidence. Many men pray, but their thought, their care is not cast primarily and unreservedly on God. They have yet to learn that trust is the very be-all and end-all of the true petitioner. Without it the most sacred words are a mockery. Knowledge of self, born of humility, looks to God for aid in due season, and causes the confident soul not to cease knocking at the door of divine Mercy until the Lord of the house answers her plea. Such prayer never meets with a refusal. Of such a kind was the prayer of Christ, "Who in the days of the flesh, with a strong cry and tears, offering up prayers and supplications to him that was able to save him from death, was heard for his reverence."

Louder than the cry that rose from the lips of the Master in the moonlit ravines of the silent mountains and beneath the patriarchal olives of Gethsemani, was His prayer of action, the complete submission and annihilation of Himself on the altar of the Cross. His outstretched arms, and each wound of His riven Body pleaded with the heavenly Father for mercy and pardon. His prayer was heard when He cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost. Heaven was reopened; grace descended and still descends upon the redeemed children of men. Day after day without intermission this all-powerful prayer ascends from the new Cross, the Altar, to the heavenly Father. We have but to unite our poor faulty prayers to this perfect act of adoration, thanksgiving, atonement, and petition to reap its abundant fruits. If we cast our thought upon the Lord, and seek Him daily in the Mass, He Himself will feed us, and we shall grow up to the height and weight and mystery of Christ.

## The Roses of St. Francis of Assisi

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

The Kiss of the Sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth;  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.—Swinburne.

**S**URELY we are very near God's Heart in this sacred spot—the garden of the friary of the Little Portion of Assisi—where the roses of St. Francis of Assisi bloom thornless throughout the year, nay throughout the centuries. Of this place he himself said: "This is a holy spot; whoever prays here devoutly will obtain what he asks for."

Last year we celebrated the seventh Centenary of the Little Poor Man of Assisi, and it is more than seven hundred years since the following event took place:

Francis, son of Pietro Bernadone, the cloth merchant, had espoused my Lady Poverty, had taken her to his heart.

"For he in youth his father's wrath did brave  
For a certain dame, to whom, as unto death,  
The gate of pleasure no one doth unlock;  
And was before his spiritual court  
'Et coram patre' unto her united  
Then day by day more fervently he loved her,  
Who, reft of her first husband, scorned,  
One thousand and one hundred years and more  
Waited without a suitor till he came."—Paradiso.

On a bitterly cold night in midwinter he was praying in his little cheerless room, when suddenly there came upon him a wild longing for the joys of home, a helpmate, little children, for like his Divine Master he loved the little ones. — "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to me; for the kingdom of heaven is for such." — For a moment the austere beauty of his Lady Poverty chilled his warm

human heart, and he saw, as in a dream, the home fires burning, a graceful, lovable, and loving woman ministering to him, boys and girls playing round him, then in an agonized access of sorrow, intense, almost of despair, he rushed out into the night.

One of the friars, who was praying in his cell, peering, wondering, through his little window, saw him heap together seven masses of snow in the clear moonlight. "Here is thy wife," he said to himself; "these four are thy sons and daughters, the other two are thy servant and handmaid; and for all these thou art bound to provide. Make haste then, and provide clothing for them, lest they perish with cold. But if the care of so many trouble thee, be thou careful to serve Our Lord alone." Then he threw himself into a thicket of briars, rolling in it until his body was torn and bleeding; but when he had emerged from his bed of torture, the briars were transformed into roses in full bloom—roses white as his pure soul; roses rose-pink like his transcendent love of man and bird and beast; roses glowing yellow bright as his burning zeal for souls; roses, deep, dark red, the red crimson red of the Passion of Jesus Christ—red as the Five Wounds later on to be imprinted on his hands and feet and side, when he received the sacred stigmata on Monte La Verna.

On the rude rock, 'twixt Tiber and the Arno,

From Christ did he  
receive the final  
seal,  
Which during two  
whole years his  
members bore.  
—Dante.

On the heights  
he cried:

"At last, my Crucified,  
My Own, my All, at  
last alike to  
Thee."

On this bitter  
winter night St.  
Francis saw not  
only the glorious  
earthly glory of  
the roses, but the  
celestial glory of  
Heaven shone



ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS AT ASSISI





FAMOUS PORTIUNCULA CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH  
OF ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS AT ASSISI

round him—him the Troubadour of Heaven, the Little Poor Man of Assisi,—angels came to him, and led him to the Church of the Portiuncula—the Church of the Little Portion, sometimes called the Chiesa di Santa Maria degli Angeli—Church of St. Mary of the Angels. Tradition tells us that Our Divine Lord appeared to him in Person, accompanied by His Blessed Mother and a heavenly host, and granted him the Indulgence of the Portiuncula.

The wonderful thornless rosebushes, their leaves stained with blood, can be seen in the garden of the friary adjoining the church. "Great favors have been obtained by the faithful through the devout use of the rose leaves." As I write I have one of these wonder-working rose leaves beside me, sent me many years ago by a dear friend now in Paradise. The leaves are fairly fresh and green, almost untouched by Time's relentless fingers, and there are dark spots on them which were probably red when first gathered.

These leaves bring me very near to the little poor man, and help me to visualize very clearly that night in the garden of the little

Umbrian city when after his agony and his prayers he received an exceeding great reward.

The Church of the Little Portion ranks as the fourth of the great pilgrimages of the Catholic world, many pilgrims from many lands wended their way thither during this Holy Franciscan Year.

### *At the Gate*

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

Comes back to my love lost days  
A picture of long ago,  
Where yearning memory stays  
And into the present will grow.

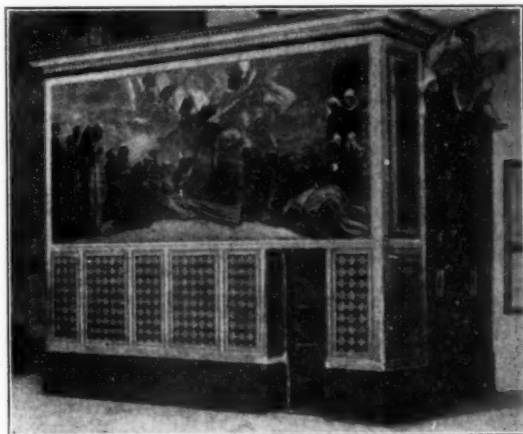
At the dear old convent gate  
A young face, eager and gay,  
With joyous welcome will wait,  
For "Mother is coming to-day."

A face so bright with love's glow  
That even my eyes, tear-blind,  
Can picture it now, as though  
The presence so longed for could find.

But, ah! to-day is cold,  
It sweeps the dear vision away,  
Recalling that death in its fold  
Clasps that sweet face, many a day.

O Mother! of every sad heart  
Of mothers of earth, I pray  
When I, from all sorrow shall part,  
Yet meet me that beautiful day;

And beside you, for me there shall wait  
The sweet face, loving as then  
That I found at the convent gate,  
To welcome mother again.



ROOM IN WHICH ST. FRANCIS DIED  
CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS

## Coincidences

MARY DODGE TENEYCK

ONCE again Peter felt the thrill of expectation reminiscent of his childhood. With keen eyes he watched his comely middle-aged sister bustling about her cottage in endeavor to make its tidiness more immaculate. Her husband in miniature was outlined on a distant mountain plateau, where the man tended his sheep. Presently a half dozen nieces and nephews burst into the cottage bearing quantities of rhododendrons.

"And this," excitedly cried out the tiniest niece, "and this is the one the pastor will use to bless the mountain! O Uncle Peter, you'll be here too?"

"Nothing, little maid, I promise you, shall take me from the Blessing of the Mountain."

"Nothing, nothing, Uncle Peter? Promise me again!"

"I promise you again!"

The eldest nephew had news, great though of secondary importance to his sister's.

"Uncle Peter, Mother, an airplane landed in the village—and as I live, here comes the man who rode in it!"

The boy's voice hushed as a dignified, soldierly gentleman in the fifties finished the last ascent, arriving at the Alpine cottage. Peter arose briskly.

"Michel! Michel Paul, welcome! But what brings you?"

"Enough, sir!" Michel Paul bowed to Peter's sister, though he scarcely noticed the children, "May we have a little talk somewhere?"

The children were promptly hurried out of the room, followed by their understanding mother. Peter placed a chair for his caller at the doorway of the cottage. For a moment Michel sat spellbound at the exquisite view.

"No wonder, sir, you leave the Capitol every summer and come to this mountain home!" he exclaimed.

Before them rose the grandeur of Alpine peaks topped with snow against perfusion of July foliage beneath. Roseate horizons glowed above all statesmen at the Capitol! As Peter green foliage, while the heaven's blue canopy hung peacefully over all.

"No wonder indeed, Michel, for it brings me nearer God and the real things of life!"

"Which perhaps makes you, sir, revered above all statesmen at the Capitol!" As Peter deprecated this, Michel quickly changed the topic to business. "But you must come back with me immediately. Without your presence

the opposing faction there will pass the 14th Indult. Roget boasts he can do it, and the results would be—"

"Grave." Peter nodded thoughtfully. "That is due morning after to-morrow, and I cannot arrive until afternoon after to-morrow!"

"But why?"

"I have promised my little niece to remain for the Blessing of the Mountain. Still I may help some right here, by prayer—and—"

Michel Paul, being at least a nominal Catholic, believed somewhat in prayer, yet was wholly unsatisfied at relying on it now. In fact many a long year since he had employed it much. He pleaded, he protested, but Peter merely smiled at his efforts. Together they walked about, up and down mountain paths. Peter continually changed the subject to Alpine lore, to any other topic, but particularly the Bernese ceremony which would begin the next morning. Again Michel Paul paid silent tribute to Peter's unmatched personality, which had risen successfully through crises at the Capitol and made him a famous leader.

"I will remain over with you, and day after to-morrow morning, probably too late, we will go back to the Capitol," Michel Paul decided at last.

Of course he stayed at the hospitable cottage of Peter's relatives. Early next day the household arose, even to the tiniest maiden. She would scarcely relinquish her prized rhododendron branch to drink a glass of milk. Michel Paul for the first time in his life, and Peter for the first since his boyhood, watched and thrilled to the ancient Swiss rite.

Before all the mountain-side cottages the inhabitants lined up in festive attire. From the village below climbed the parish priest, a Capuchin with him and one sturdy altar boy. At each home the parish priest blessed the salt and water, elementaries of life, and then the house. On and on the little party climbed, repeating everywhere the simple ceremony. With wonder Michel Paul watched the revered statesman of the Capitol kneel humbly beside his tiny niece. Peter flushed with equal pride as the pastor accepted her branch of rhododendron to later bless the mountain.

"We can expect no good fortune or hope of fine harvest weather until the mountain is blessed!" Peter's sister explained naïvely to Michel Paul.

"Even I was once the pastor's altar boy!" whispered Peter.

Michel Paul marvelled the more at all this faith, even though disturbing memories of doings at the Capitol annoyed him. There was little talk among any of the cottagers. Almost constantly throughout the day they knelt in prayer. Likewise throughout the day the pastor and his favored companions climbed midst Alpine beauties. With holy water scattered from the rhododendron branch of Peter's tiniest niece he blessed the Bernese heights.

Michel Paul, not so absorbed in prayer, watched them leap over brooks, ascend perilous paths, where the descent must be worse. Summer glory was in the air, fragrance of mountain mint, rhododendron, July blossoms. In chilling contrast icy peaks pierced the azure above and dangerous chasms slashed the pastoral scenes.

All day long the ceremony continued, nor did the night end the priest's labors. Throughout the silent watches mountaineers, having finished their daily tasks, domestic, agricultural or shepherding, confessed to him and received absolution.

"Would you go also?" asked Michel Paul surprised.

"And would you not go also?" returned Peter even more astonished.

So both confessed, Peter with faith as strong as in his boyhood when he was acolyte to the pastor. Materialistic years at the Capitol had weakened Michel Paul's faith, but watching those about him, particularly Peter, it awakened in wistful renaissance.

Only for a short while did Peter absent himself from Michel Paul then pleading a little business at the village. The entire night the pastor spent in the confessional, while his penitents kept prayerful vigil with him. Early next morning Mass was celebrated upon the mountain side, an improvised sanctuary arranged on a platform just off the road. All the congregation who were old enough received the Blessed Sacrament. Michel Paul, filled with spiritual peace, knelt beside Peter, statesman and devoted son of Mother Church.

After the last of the ceremonies followed merriment among the mountaineers and breakfasts in many rejoicing homes. For were they not now protected from avalanches, storms, and misfortune? Immediately arrived an automobile at the cottage of Peter's sister.

"Part of what I arranged at the village yesterday. We will now go to the airplane, Michel Paul, and then on to the Capitol."

After many farewells and promises equally from Peter and Michel Paul for a speedy return, both men entered the car. The latter held his breath many times during the descent. Peter

appeared calm, though his eyes occasionally sparkled with a gleam of excitement. The driver, one of the mountaineers, felt weary unto exhaustion after a busy day followed by his vigil of the night before. The road sometimes grew dim before his vision. Peter and Michel gasped audibly as he skirted the edge of the road.

"It will be a miracle if we reach the village safely!"

"Yes," Peter nodded smiling, "but what are miracles to God?"

All went astonishingly well until the road did blacken before the heavy eyes of the chauffeur. Peter and Michel had scarcely time to gasp when the car leaped from the path into space. Immediately, but too late, the driver recovered. The automobile was in the air, actually poised over the improvised sanctuary of the morning's Mass. Within a second it landed on the platform, the chauffeur slamming down his brakes, and close to the Communion railing the car stopped still. Michel Paul's face was white. Peter seemed to rouse from a meditation wherein he expected Eternity. All were still seated, all unharmed. After some moments Michel Paul looked up at the road.

"A lucky coincidence we chose that spot to leap over!" he almost whispered.

"Coincidences, Michel," Peter replied quietly, "are often but the miracles of God!"

But Michel Paul would trust no further coincidences or miracles to reach the village safely. He made the rest of the distance by foot. As they were about to hop off in the airplane a boy came rushing to Peter.

"A telegram, sir!"

## Magdalen

NANCY BUCKLEY

I saw in a church to-day  
A woman young in years,  
But old and wan and gray  
With bitterness and fears;  
She knelt in a corner dark—  
Hands clasped and head bent low;  
Her attitude betokened stark  
Despair and hopeless woe.

And then she heard a voice  
That whispered, "Come to me;  
Give me your hand; rejoice  
In sweet security;  
For all your burdening  
I promise quick release,  
And for your grief I bring  
An everlasting peace."

While he read it, Michel wondered at his smile of quiet triumph.

"From Roget," Peter informed him, "I sent him a wire last night, and he is postponing the Indult session until to-morrow!"

"Now that is what I call a real miracle!" exclaimed Michel Paul astonished at the news. "That Roget would change—"

"Oh, no!" Peter smiled whimsically. "Mere coincidence that! Roget wants after all to be in—" the statesman hesitated, "in my good graces. The personal appeal of my telegram flattered him, which accorded with my own plans!" Peter did not mention this according with his prayers also.

"Well," asked Michel Paul as they sped above the Bernese Alps, "was it coincidence or miracle that I should happen at your sister's cottage during the blessing of the mountain, and then go to Confession and receive Communion for the first time in years? Answer me that!"

Peter smiled again. "It had been a miracle had you refused the opportune coincidence God offered you. Miracle or coincidence," he added, "either is equally simple to God!"

### *A Memorable Day*

*(Continued from page 154)*

and help desirable to prepare their souls for the final step to the border of time."

Just then the door bell rang. Father Rembert was wanted.

"Father, when will you return to St. Alban's?"

"Within a few days," was the reply.

"May I have the pleasure of taking you in my Chevrolet?" Larry asked, for he was the caller. He spoke as though he were asking a great favor.

"Gladly. I shall appreciate your kindness," Father Rembert assured him.

"Don't you know," resumed Larry somewhat shyly, "I should like to remain a little while at the monastery to make an important decision?"

"I will say a Mass for you that the decision may be favorable to your soul and generous to God," the priest hinted.

Larry looked up with a most grateful expression and left with a hearty "thank you, Father."

### *Benedictines and Catholic University*

*(Continued from page 163)*

lius in January of 1926, "You must organize a Society of Friends of the Benedictine Univer-

sity as Father Gemelli did in Italy for the University of the Sacred Heart. Organization begets power and stability."\*

With this we close our paper on the Catholic University of Peking, trusting that this simple narration may do its bit to spread knowledge of this recent important foreign missionary enterprise undertaken by American Sons of St. Benedict. May it also serve to acquaint our people with the Providential rôle of Benedictines in the life of the Church to-day. May it remind them that these holy religious not only continue the ages-old life of earnest prayer and humble labor in their monasteries but also stand ready with men and means to engage in any external mission to which God's Church may call them.

\* All who are interested in this important undertaking, and desire to have a share in making it a success by joining the "Society of Friends" of the Catholic University of Peking, may apply for further information to the Chinese Mission Office, St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pennsylvania.



REV. F. X. LASANCE

*Noted compiler of spiritual books, an alumnus of St. Meinrad Seminary to whom the Holy Father has sent a letter of congratulation and the Apostolic Blessing.*



## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—The foremost metallurgical discovery of the age is the flotation process for the recovery of metals from ore. To put it in a popular way,—millions are saved by froth. Worthless metal mines have suddenly become productive. Worn-out oreheaps are now valued at millions. A revolution in the zinc, copper, and lead industry has come from froth. The principle of the flotation process may be illustrated by a simple experiment. Nearly everyone is familiar with the fact that a needle, slightly greased, will float on water. Likewise, certain ore particles, crushed and pounded to a fine powder and oiled, have a tendency to attach themselves to little air bubbles and float, whilst the undesirable particles will stay at the bottom. The froth floating at the top contains the desired metals. By this process the recovery of copper, for example, has increased from sixty per cent to ninety and ninety-five per cent.

—Does our earthworm sing? Recent reports from Germany claimed this. But Dr. W. R. Walton, an expert on worms, declares the earthworm may be noisy, but it does not sing. His close observations have shown only a faint sound or stridulation which cannot be called song.

—Television, or seeing events from a great distance, just as we now hear distant sounds by wireless, is making consistent progress. One forward step is announced from England, where transmission of sight was affected over a distance of 440 miles. Another improvement is the transmission of color by wire. The time may come when colored goods may be matched over the telephone.

—A recent report of the U. S. Geological Survey for the United States shows sixty-five springs, each with a water discharge of over 65 million gallons a day.

—A rival of blue-print paper has appeared in 'Ozalid.' The new paper prints the design or plan in dark chestnut-brown lines on a white background. It is developed by fumes of ammonia. The design can be corrected by erasure or by adding new lines with a special ink.

—Power on the beams of radio? A recent demonstration in New York City showed electric lamps lighted by radio waves. Tungsten metal, which has a very high melting point, was heated to a white heat by the same means. Dreams of the future development of these possibilities show the cities without wires, all the light, heat, and power being transmitted on very short wave lengths by wireless.

—Much well-deserved criticism is passed on present radio programs. Whilst allowing for the great service rendered to the public, the critics point out that the programs offered are often poor and that the announcer may be at fault. The latter often gives his invisible

audience his own personal views, tinged with error and spoiled by mispronunciations.

—Many health resorts have built their reputation by making popular the habit of drinking much water, rather than by the medicinal properties of their waters. One patient humorously estimated that his cure in learning to drink water cost him ten dollars a glass.

—The unadulterated nerve of some modern advertisers appears in the recent statement of the magazine *Glass Container*, urging the food packing industry to educate the public to prefer canned goods to fresh goods.

—Much discussion has arisen as to the correct solution of the Mississippi flood problem. The flood was an act of God, but the lack of proper flood control was an act of man. The fault appears to lie in the levee system, which proved to be a long chain with many missing links. This in turn was due to the lack of funds for the continual building and maintenance of the proper levees.

—The newest altitude record for the height of a free balloon is about 41,000 feet, attained by Captain Gray at Scott Field, Illinois.

### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Easy street often becomes a blind alley.

—Flying youth recently crowded the flaming youth out of the headlines.

—An English plumber was recently made a Knight of the Bath.

—Science may invent a machine to match colors but that machine is evidently not the husband.

—Some authorities claim that a universal language will bring a universal peace. But we would need a war to determine the universal language.

—We may soon compliment the bride on her old-fashioned domesticity by remarking: "You open cans just like your mother."

—The married men may have better halves, but the bachelors often have better quarters.

—The undertaker does not believe in the survival of the fittest.

—Many people who cannot afford a home and an auto, buy the home and mortgage it for the auto.

—Jazz has been defined as the absence of music.

—You get fewer miles per gallon on an expensive car, but they are horizontal miles.

—The 'Can you answer this?' is not very popular with students at examination time.

—It is man's fate to grow older after he is old enough.

—Here's hoping there will be no tips on the aerial taxi lines.

—Peace may be defined as the period when men toil to meet the expenses of before and after.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### Miscellaneous

—Mr. Francis Rummelhart, of Riverside, Iowa, who has passed his hundredth birthday, is still quite active, enjoys good health, and has keen eyesight. Although he lives three miles from church, Mr. Rummelhart rarely fails to attend early Mass. 200 descendants look up to him as their progenitor.

—The St. Rita High School for the Deaf, at Lockland, near Cincinnati, has been officially recognized by the State of Ohio as a high school of the first grade. This exempts its graduates from entrance examinations when they enter higher educational institutions.

—This year the Archdiocese of Dubuque is conducting thirty-three schools in places where there are no parochial schools.

—The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by St. Francis College, Brooklyn, upon Patrick F. Scanlon, managing editor of *The Tablet*. Another newspaper man, William A. Menger, general manager of the *Southern Messenger*, San Antonio, Texas, was made an LL. D. by the St. Edward University, of Austin, Texas.

—The editor of the *New World* (Chicago), Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas V. Shannon, has been decorated with the Austrian Silver Grand Cross of Honor in token of gratitude for the assistance the Monsignor rendered that unfortunate country when it was in dire need.

—Since 1917 the Knights of Columbus have expended \$43,000,000 in welfare work for soldiers in cantonments, on the battle field, in hospitals, and schools. The K. C. slogan—"Everybody Welcome! Everything Free!"—will be long remembered by those who were benefited.

—The N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education reports that eighty Catholic institutions are conducting summer schools this year. Of these thirty are private.

—The board of directors of the Montefiore Home, a Jewish hospital in New York for chronic diseases, very generously extended to the Catholic priest who is establishing a new parish in that neighborhood the hospitality and privilege of celebrating Mass for the time being within the institution. The kind offer was accepted. Four Masses are offered up on Sundays in the nurses' auditorium.

—At the opening of the summer session of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music on July 2 the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, celebrated Pontifical High Mass.

—Rev. Thomas H. Dempsey, formerly captain in the United States Army, was ordained at the age of fifty-one at St. Joseph, Mo., on June 12. Father Dempsey had made part of his studies in Ireland many years ago. He is a brother of the well-known Mgr. Timothy Dempsey, of St. Louis.

—Mrs. Anna Godfrey, who lives on a farm in Harvey Co., Kansas, was born in Co. Tipperary, Ireland, on Easter Sunday of the year 1829. Her ninety-eighth birthday occurred on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1927. For fifty-six years Mrs. Godfrey has lived on the homestead that was taken out on the Kansas frontier. She is still able to read without glasses, and can be about the house most of the time.

—Rev. Joseph W. McCourt, who celebrated his first Mass at Baltimore recently, is one of triplets. His triplet sisters, both married now, were present at the Mass.

—According to announcement another edition of the Catholic Press Directory will soon come from the press. The first issue was published in 1923; the second appeared in 1925. Joseph H. Meier, of Chicago, is publisher.

### Eucharistic

—Dr. C. H. Meyers, of Cincinnati, who was struck down and instantly killed on the street in Cincinnati, on June 13, leaves after him the "good odor of Christ." Dr. Meyers, who was sixty-one years of age, was not only a daily communicant, but it had been his practice for years to serve at early Mass.

—We read with gratification that the Corpus Christi processions are becoming more general each year in the United States. Louisville, San Antonio, Chicago, and many other places report monster demonstrations. At Louisville the procession was made up exclusively of men—8,000 Holy Name Men. There were some 15,000 spectators.

—The passage of the Catholic Relief Act last year has brought greater freedom to the Church in the British Isles. As a result numerous Corpus Christi processions could be held this year without fear of molestation. The faithful hastened to take part in these glorious demonstrations.

—The Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day for adoration in the Cathedral at Denver on July 1st, the feast of the Precious Blood, and the First Friday of the month.

—The Congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League for the eastern section of the United States will be held at Buffalo on August 30 and 31.

### Benedictine

—It is said that the 200 hives of bees in the apiaries of Buckfast Abbey, England, produce twelve tons of honey per year.

—Work on the new St. Benedict Abbey, near Mount Angel, Oregon, which will replace the monastery that was destroyed by fire last September, is moving forward rapidly. Nothing unforeseen preventing, the building should be finished by December 24th. The new church—at least the sanctuary thereof—is to be finished a month later. The corner stone for the new monastery was laid on July 17th.

—Illumination of liturgical books, so common in the Middle Ages, but practically a lost art in our day of haste and rush is a rarity. Following in the steps of the monks of old, Brother Anselm, O. S. B., of Mount Angel, now past four score years, has spent some twenty years embellishing liturgical texts. For six years he employed every spare moment in this labor of love. The only tools employed were a rule and a brush, with colored pigments. The fruits of Brother Anselm's

(Continued on page 182)

## Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missions comprise three distinct fields with four Benedictine missionaries from St. Meinrad Abbey. Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., is in charge of the missions near Devils Lake, North Dakota. His post office and railway station is Fort Totten, N. D. In the central part of South Dakota, and near the geographic center of the United States, is the Immaculate Conception Mission School, on the Crow Creek Indian Reservation. Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., who recently celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, and Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B., are located here. They have their own post office, Stephan, S. D., with Father Pius as postmaster. Their railway station, Highmore, is twenty-two miles distant. On the Yankton Reservation, at Marty, S. D., Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., has built up a flourishing mission and school. The nearest railway station is at Ravinia, S. D., some fifteen miles away.

### The Summer Vacation

Now that the warm weather has come at last, everyone is planning to spend as much time as possible in the outdoors; we throw off the fetters of winter, and our souls expand and we breathe in long draughts of balmy, sunshiny air, perfumed with the breath of flowers from many hundreds of gardens. Many of us, too, have been saving up all year for this vacation, so that it might be spent fittingly, perhaps in some refreshing spot, far, far away from the "daily grind," so that, having enjoyed the pleasures of God's Creation, and having recuperated our bodies and souls, we may return with redoubled zest to our tasks.

But, while we are having all this enjoyment, let us not forget that there are souls for whom there is no vacation, no escape from the eternal grind of poverty, for whom summer is indeed a respite from the biting cold, but not always from hunger. Out at the missions the Spring began with plenty of rain, which encouraged such of the Indians who farm, and try to wrest from the soil a slender living. Usually the crops that are planted in Spring dry up and wilt away for want of rain; but this year the season gave a little better promise—though the cold remained unconscionably long, and refused to give way to the kind breath of summer.

Yet, though the warmth is here at last, and the soil received a thorough soaking in the Spring months, yet, it is always a gamble whether the crops will survive the summer, for droughts are the usual thing in the Dakotas, and more often than not, the farmers' work goes for naught. So let us not forget these poor people, who are simple, conscientious souls when rightly taught and led, and who have often re-

tained the Faith for years when there was no missionary available.

### Missions Sprang out of Nothing

The missionaries have done a wonderful work. When they received the call to "go forth and teach all nations," they went unhesitatingly, but the odds they had to meet and fight against were enough to discourage anyone less thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ. They were sent to raise up "out of nothing," a mission on the bare, limitless prairie, and they are men fit to be classed with the brave, intrepid pioneers who made possible this glorious country of ours. For the hardships these Fathers have undergone, and the sacrifices they made, in order to build up something worthy of the name, to help the red man, are no less than those which the first settlers encountered, except perhaps, that the "covered wagon" is more often supplanted by some poor, broken-down "flivver," for which the missionary scraped and hoarded for many a month before it could be purchased from the "used-car department." But the troubles encountered with these treacherous "animals" in stormy, rainy, or snowy weather, to say nothing of Spring thaws, are probably just a little worse than those which the early pioneers experienced with the motive power of their covered wagons.

### Father Pius' Jubilee

Such a pioneer missionary was Father Pius Boehm, of Stephan, South Dakota, who celebrated his golden jubilee on May 28. When he first came out to Stephan, there was only one small cabin to be seen for miles around—his new home, and it was a bitterly cold day in January, and everything snow-covered. When he arrived, there was no time to rest, for there was endless work to do. A generous lady, Miss Drexel, provided the money with which a small boarding school was built. This lady is now Mother Katherine, foundress of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament. The little ones



DEVILS LAKE—(NORTH DAKOTA)—NEAR SEVEN DOLORS INDIAN MISSION



TEPEES AT INDIAN CONGRESS

were taken from their cold, cheerless cabins and tents, and brought to the new school, where they were clothed, fed, and taught to know God, besides being given a practical education in the secular studies.

Through heart-rending sufferings and disappointments, (two fires and a devastating tornado) this mission three times rose up out of its ruins, and now stands, a wonderful monument to good Father Pius' tireless labors. He wasted no time in grief, but forged straight ahead, and in the face of monstrous difficulties, rebuilt what had been thrown down. The heavy debt occasioned by the rebuilding of the mission after the disaster of 1924, is still being carried, but the little Indian children feel nothing of it; they are kept in school, in heated buildings, given food and clothing, and the only reward the missionary looks forward to, is to see these little ones turn out good citizens and faithful Catholics.

### *St. Paul's Mission at Marty*

The mission seems rather lonely and deserted with the children gone, says Father Sylvester. The place is a humming beehive during the school season, so it is small wonder that the missionary and the good sisters miss their lively charges. The sisters find vacation a relief, however, as they worked very hard during the past year, especially Sister John, who is so worn out that she had to see a doctor. However, when September comes, they will welcome the children with new joy, for they are the missionaries' sole happiness, and their well-being is the chief aim of the missionary's life.

However, the carpenters' hammers are busy again, putting up an addition to dining room and dormitory. Father Sylvester hopes to have room for two hundred children in September, and in order to fill this imperative need, another big loan has been floated to push things along. For materials cost, and workmen stop their labors and leave when the money gives out. But as ever, Father is hoping and trusting in God and the Little Flower, who have never failed him yet. He says often when things look the worst, something happens, a kind benefactor comes along, or several people are moved to think of his mission, and relief comes in some form or another.

It seems these missions are particularly dear to our Lord, for He appears to watch over them with a tender Providence, never quite permitting the finances to run out entirely, though sometimes they are perilously close to it.

### *Assemblage of Tents*

On May 25th of this year a great assemblage of tents grew up around the mission. There was to be an Indian Congress as well as the jubilee celebration. The Indians came in their wagons, and visiting missionaries in their "benzine buggies," through mud and rain and

ill weather. But this all made no difference; they would have braved much more for their beloved Father Pius. Father Speyer, M. S. C., of Lower Brule, came, Father Sylvester of our celebrated Marty, and good old Father Ambrose, of poor stricken Seven Dolors. Father Ambrose began his missionary days at Stephan with Father Pius, so we can all imagine the greeting he gave his old colleague. Bishop Wehrle, O. S. B., came too, also a former co-laborer of Father Pius, and Father Vincent, from the far-off mission of Wakpala.

Father Pius celebrated the sacerdotal golden jubilee Mass, and after the jubilee sermon, by Bishop Wehrle, a document was read, in which Father Pius was accorded the Apostolic Blessing. He was also presented with a photograph of the Holy Father, with the latter's autograph, together with a crucifix blessed by the Pope, and a medal bearing the image of Pius XI, gifts of the Pontiff.

The following day, at a High Mass celebrated by Father Justin, forty Indian children made their Solemn Holy Communion. After the Mass Bishop Wehrle confirmed a class of one hundred and twenty. The services were brought to an impressive close by the bestowal upon the Congress of the Papal Blessing.

It is the sincere wish of all who know Father Pius that the Venerable Jubilarian enjoy many years of health and be spared many fruitful years to the Indian children who love him so well. "Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given me."—St. John, 17:11.

### *Seven Dolors Mission*

A month or two ago we wrote of a young mother of nineteen who died, leaving three small children, and we also printed her picture. This month we print a picture of the poverty-stricken family, taken by Father Ambrose, as they stand on the porch of their home. Some of them are brothers and sisters of the deceased young mother, and two of them are her own children, while the baby is within doors. The parents of the deceased made a heart-rending appeal to Father Ambrose to find some boarding school where a few at least of these little ones might find food and shelter, thus lifting the heavy burden off the parents' shoulders.

But alas! We all can imagine how good Father Ambrose must have felt when he was forced to tell them "there was no room" in any of the schools, just like that other One, for Whom "there was no room at the inn," although he made inquiries, and tried to have them placed somewhere. How he sighed after his own

(Continued on page 182)



INDIAN CHILDREN AT SEVEN DOLORS MISSION





*St. Paul Indian Mission School, Marty, S. D.*

### Lessons

S. M. T., O. S. B.

First Communion Day was nearing,  
Little Norma Jane was hearing  
Wonders of her hidden God and Lord.  
Long she pondered, deep she wondered,  
And her soul, awe-struck, adored.

Fast her years at school were speeding,  
Norma Jane was daily reading  
Stories of the Quest of Holy Grail.  
"Ah," she whispered, "I have found It,  
At the Holy Altar Rail."

### LETTER BOX

(All letters for this department should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

#### RULES FOR THOSE WHO WRITE

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter) on one side only of paper. If you use pen and ink, be sure that your writing is plain and clear so that the editor and the typesetter can read your letter. Avoid ink blots.

Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper, and one-half inch at the right edge.

Sign your name to right of paper, and age to left.

Use correct English. There should be no mistakes in spelling and in grammatical construction.

#### "FIDELITY BUTTON" WINNERS

Genevieve Klein, 2070 Rosedale Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Margaret Moseley, 149 Morningside Ave., New York, N. Y.

"A California Poppy," Los Angeles, Calif.

Dolores Raschella, 12 Pleasant Ave., Weehawken, N. J.

Mary A. Wickens, 426 N. East St., Greensburg, Ind.

Margaret Lutgring, R. R. No. 1, Tell City, Ind.

Bernice Knittel, 3727 Chippewa St., St. Louis, Mo.

Winifred Landy, 34 Portland Pl., Yonkers, N. Y.

Agnes Gilmore, 543 East 85 St., New York City.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

Helen M. Charboneau, 149 Avery St., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Gerard Reidy, 281 W. 11th St.,—(What is your post office address, Gerard?)

Judith Schilling, Buechel, Ky.

Mary McCollum, 318 No. Broadway, Gloucester, N. J.

Mildred Huesgen, 144 Rowan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Agnes Garity, Sullivan, Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I read the June number of the "Grail" and enjoyed reading the Letter Box. I would heartily desire to have the honor to display a "Fidelity Button" to my classmates.

I am 13 years old and intend to graduate this month from old St. Joseph's in the heart of Greenwich Village.

Please inform me how I can become a Cornerite.

Your new Nephew, Gerard Reidy, 281 W. 11th St.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have received the beautiful "Fidelity Button" and I am very proud to wear it. This "Fidelity Button" has attracted very much attention by all.

You may be sure, I shall take a great interest in the "Grail" and in the "Children's Corner." I thank you sincerely for this beautiful Button.

I remain, Helen M. Charboneau, 149 Avery St., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I would like to be your new niece. I am nine years of age. This is the first time I've ever written. My mother has taken the Grail for several years, but I had not enough courage to write. But finally I did. I would like Dorothy Wember or Betty Taul to write to me. I hope you will admit me to the Corner.

Mary McCollum, 318 No. Broadway, Gloucester, N. J.

Try again, Mary, for a button.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the third time I have written. I am very interested in the "Grail." I am reading "Hidden Gold" and am very interested in it. I also enjoy the Children's Corner.

I will be 13 years on the third of July. I am going into eighth grade.

I go to a public school because there is no Catholic school here.

Hoping to hear from boys and girls of my age, I am, Your niece, Agnes Garity, Sullivan Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

On looking over an issue of the "Grail" the other day, I was quite surprised to see that the "Corner" was not only for kiddies, as I thought, but that the "Letter Box" contained many letters from girls and boys my age and older.

I am seventeen years of age and am employed as a stenographer and underwriter in an insurance company in Oakland.

I am very fond of sports and love to dance.

I hope you will publish this letter as I would like to have some of the "Cornerites," around my age, to write to me; and if I do receive any letters, I will certainly answer them promptly. Sincerely, Genevieve Klein, 2070 Rosedale Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

It is strange that I am only writing to you now, for we have been receiving the Grail for several years. During the past few months I have read every letter published under the "Children's Corner." The more I read of these interesting letters, the greater a desire within me grew, and this wish is, that I may become one of your correspondents.

I am fifteen years old, and a pupil of Hallowmas Business School. It is one of the smallest commercial schools in the city, but it is considered as one of the best. It is under the direction of the Franciscan Sisters.

I have tried my best to follow your rules carefully, in order that I may win a Fidelity Button.

Before I bring my letter to a close, I am going to ask a favor of one of your Cornerites. In last month's issue, I read Joseph Laurx's letter in which he stated that he would be glad to write to any girl or boy about the West. Well, I am offering you a chance to carry out your promise. I shall expect a letter from you soon, if you will be kind enough to write to me. I sincerely hope that all your other members will correspond with me. I am your new friend, Margaret Moseley, 149 Morningside Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Well, here comes your California niece again! Is she welcome? Ah! I think I hear you say, "Yes, indeed!"

Oh! how thrilling it is to belong to this wonderful "Corner," and I do love all my correspondents so much, only wish I had some from Europe.

Why is it that the girls and boys in beautiful Los

Angeles do not join this "Corner?" Yes, I know, the weather being so nice all the time, tempts us along wandering paths that lead to mountain and sea, but surely there is someone who cares to write. Come on L. A. and all California! show your spirit, wake up the nation and prove that a Westerner is "true blue." Oodles of love, "A California Poppy."

P. S. The goal may seem far away,  
The road all bumps and snags,  
But the person to worry over this  
Is the one who continually lags.—"C. P."

Dear Aunt Agnes;

This is my first attempt in writing to you, but I hope it is not my last.

I am fifteen years old and I will enter my third year of high in September.

I imagine by the time this letter is published every one in the United States, in fact, the whole world, will know who Charles A. Lindbergh is. Nevertheless, I wish to tell the "Cornerites" that I have seen him in person.

On Saturday, June 11, when he arrived in Washington, I heard him speak over the radio. If I got a thrill out of that I got more of a thrill seeing him in person. He received a medal of honor from the President, one from the Governor of New York and one from the Mayor of New York City, not counting the ones he received in Europe.

Songs were written in his honor and were sung in the leading theatres. Every department store had a show window decorated in his honor.

On Monday, June 13, "Lindy" was welcomed to New York City. Over four million three hundred thousand people greeted him. When Lindy was three blocks from where I stood the crowd began to cheer. But when he passed, the shouting and cheering was enough to make a person deaf. Your own voice could not be heard. From every building papers and confetti were hurled in Lindy's path. It was like snowing in summer. One hundred planes circled the sky in battle formation. Others wrote greetings, in the sky for "Lindy."

"Lindy" received the greatest reception ever given to any celebrity who visited New York. I will never forget "Lindy's Welcome."

Hoping I will receive letters from other "Cornerites," I remain, Your new niece, Dolores Raschella, 12 Pleasant Ave., Weehawken, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Perhaps you do not remember me as you have so many nieces and nephews to remember, and I must also confess that I have not been very regular in writing to you. My first and last letter was written a little over a year ago and some of the cornerites write much more often than that.

My first letter to the Grail helped me in obtaining loads of correspondents and I have tried to answer all the letters. During the school year there were times when letters would lie unanswered for three or four weeks at a time, but I always answered them and I was always delighted to get them too....

This letter is growing much longer than it should, so I will close with a promise of writing more often after this.

Your niece, Mary A. Wickens, 426 N. East St., Greensburg, Indiana.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the letters in the "Grail" and find them very interesting.

I would like to be admitted to the Corner. I love your letters and will gladly answer them.

I am nine years old and in the sixth grade.

I would like for some of the Cornerites to write to me.

I hope my letter will be printed.

Your new niece Mary Margaret Lutgring, Tell City, Ind., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

In the June number Eileen Dowling of St. Louis wrote about her teachers being Sacred Heart Sisters. I am quite sure she is wrong about this. They are Sisters of the Most Precious Blood. I am eleven years old and go to St. Anthony's School. This is my first attempt at writing you a letter but feel sure Eileen will be glad to learn about her mistake. I will close with love, from

Your new niece, Bernice Knittel, St. Louis, Mo., 3727 Chippewa St.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I would like to become a new niece of yours and also a Cornerite.

I am fifteen years old and a senior in the Sacred Heart High School of Yonkers.

After reading the letters in the Grail I thought I would write and ask some of your nieces or nephews to write me some letters which I certainly would answer.

I sincerely hope you will accept this letter and permit me to become a Cornerite.—Your Niece, Winifred Landy, 34 Portland Pl., Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

The Grail "Letter Box" has always attracted my attention and I hope that this letter will serve as an admittance for me.

I am 15 Years of age and a sophomore at Cathedral High School of New York City. I am enclosing in this letter my first attempt at poetry and would like to see it appear in the next number of "The Grail."

With best wishes, I remain, your niece, Agnes Gilmore, 543 East 85 Street, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE:—For lack of space we cannot well include your verses, Agnes.—Editor.

### Exchange Smiles

"I hope they don't call my little boy any nasty nicknames in school."

"Yes they do, mother. They call me Corns."

"How dreadful! Why do they call you that ugly name?"

"'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

"If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one," said the visitor, "and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

"D'ye mean my big big brother or my little brother?" inquired Johnny.

Five-year-old Tommy, who was traveling on a pullman car, had been put to bed in an upper berth. Awakening once during the night, he was asked by his mother if he knew where he was. "Of course, I do," was the reply, "I'm in the top drawer."

Mother—You were very naughty to disobey me, and I have punished you to impress it on your mind.

Son—Mummy, aren't you mistaken in regard to the position of my mind.

"Mother, wouldn't it be nice if you had the toothache instead of me?" asked little Doris.

"Why, dear?"

"Because you can take your teeth out and I can't."

There was a young girl in the choir,  
Whose voice rose higher and higher  
Till it reached such a height  
It was clear out of sight—  
And they found it next day in the spire.—Ex.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 178)

once flourishing school, now laid waste, and leveled to the ground! These poor children would have found a safe haven there, had it remained standing. Let us help them by helping Father Ambrose to rebuild his school.

### The Sisters' Beds

The sisters are living in the attic of the cottage, and sleep on borrowed beds, their own having been destroyed in the fire. Now these beds will have to be returned, and the sisters will have nothing to sleep on. Some kind people have sent in money toward purchasing new beds, but six will be needed, and the amount received will not stretch over that many. A bed, spring, and mattress, we have just learned, will cost about \$15.00—that is, the plain, uniform kind that is used in convents and institutions.

### Pledge Tickets

A number of persons have sent in for the pledge tickets, promising to pay Father Ambrose \$1.00 a month for 20 months. If 1000 readers would do this, Father would have \$20,000 inside of twenty months, which would be not a little encouragement for him. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 3435A Utah St., St. Louis, Mo., for pledge tickets.

### Beadwork Bureau

One way in which we can help the missions, and the poor Indians who make the articles, is to buy beadwork. The moccasins are strong, and guaranteed to outlast other bedroom slippers; they are ideal to rest the feet after a hot day in ordinary shoes. Price, \$2.00 and \$3.00; give length of foot in inches. Children's moccasins, \$1.00. Give length. Blue velvet baby cap, beautifully beaded, \$2.00. Beaded hand bags, buckskin, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00. Pincushions, beaded, 50¢. Belts, \$1.50. Baby quilt, \$1.00. Doll moccasins, very cunning, 25¢. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. Genuine soapstone calumet (peace pipe) with large beaded buckskin tobacco pouch to go with it, \$3.00. Bib aprons, 50¢. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 3435A Utah St., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notes of Interest--Benedictine

(Continued from page 176)

painstaking labors are four volumes: one each for Pontifical Vespers, and for Vespers on feast days, and two professional books. The text is done in black Roman lettering, with Gothic capitals in red. The binding of these artistic volumes, with red morocco covers, hand tooled in gold, was done in Switzerland.

—The National Benedictine Educational Association held its tenth annual convention at St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., early in July.

—The *Placidian*, the excellent quarterly which is published by the monks of St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C., brings the information that three priests who

entered the novitiate together at Fort Augustus four years ago, made their solemn profession on June 19th. Two American priests will enter the novitiate in September. A number of students are preparing for admission. Great undertakings often have very humble beginnings. This young branch of the century-old Order has struck root and begun to thrive in the new world. The community is outgrowing the small frame house that serves as its monastic home. It needs more room for expansion. The erection of a substantial monastery must now be considered.

—Very Rev. Adrian Weld-Blundell, O. S. B., who is Prior at St. Anselm's, Brookland, D. C., went to Scotland early in the summer to take part in the election of an abbot for Fort Augustus.

—The Benedictine school for boys at Portsmouth, R. I., has closed its first year, which was very successful.

—In THE GRAIL for November of last year we announced the opening at Brookland, D. C., of St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts for retarded children, who were committed to the care of Benedictine Sisters from Minnesota, under the supervision of Dom Thomas Verner Moore, O. S. B. Recently it was the privilege of "ye editor" to inspect the institute. It is remarkable how these afflicted little ones develop with proper attention. Only a very limited number of children could be admitted last fall. Since the school has not only proved its worth, but a great success, and there are numerous applications for admission, it is the desire to have a new building ready this fall.

### Missionaries dig up the Hatchet

(Continued from page 151)

that the individual priest who appeals for himself, usually receives more than he needs for his actual wants? We take it for granted that the individual priest is not appealing for himself but for the cause he is laboring for; and who will agree that these individual priests receive more than would supply their actual needs, unless we take the word "want" or "need" in the sense of the barest necessities of life. (At our last meeting of missionaries here in South Dakota it was casually noticed that every one of them was wearing a suit of second-hand clothes, a second-hand overcoat and even second-hand shoes. While this is not an indication of "actual need," yet it is proof enough that these men do not "usually receive more than they need." And these are missionaries who depend entirely on their private appeal.) The Church, too, in her work also knows the meaning of "opportunity," and even in her mission fields provides for more than actual needs. Even the missionary has a right to see his work develop and grow. It is for the bishop to decide when a mission has passed the stage of want or of opportunity. It is then that the bishop will tell Father So-and-so to stop sending out his letters of appeal, if he has not already done so. In this connection, too, no one will deny that bishops and priests are not "educated." A neighboring Indian missionary has just sent me a letter in



which he says: "I just figured out the percentage of the Reverend Clergy on my benefactor list, and found that 25.5% of my benefactors are priests, and among these 15.5% are bishops and Monsignors." Looks, after all, as though many leaders in the Church still see the need of the private appeal.

We have given our readers the entire paragraph which we wished to discuss with them. Before we end, however, let me tell a little story,—a true one. About three years ago the writer of this article called at the office of the — — Society in a certain large city. He was questioned concerning his work. Objections were made to him that, by sending out private appeals, he was interfering with the work of — — — Society. But when conditions were explained, the atmosphere changed somewhat. Before leaving, the missionary placed the question squarely to the head of — Society: "Monsignor, what would you do if you were out there in Dakota and had my job? Would you wait until — Society had grown so much that they could build a school for your Indians? Would you grow old and go down into your grave and leave it to the next generation to build that school? Or would you get busy and try in your own way, by private appeals, to get the money you had to have for your school?" The answer was: "Father, I guess I'd do just what you are doing."

### Call for Used Magazines

The Catholic Truth Society of Manila, P. I., is spreading Catholic literature, such as books, pamphlets, magazines, and papers among thousands of Catholic-born Filipino students, who, because of lack of priests and schools without religious instruction, are growing up entirely ignorant of their religion.

You can help the Catholic Truth Society at Manila by sending to it your used Catholic literature: books, pamphlets, magazines; by advising your friends to send theirs too; by gathering all the Catholic literature you can find and addressing it to "The Catholic Truth Society," 1199 M. H. del Pilar, Manila, P. I.

### Into the Homes

The importance and need of a strong Catholic press is one of those matters that is seen by many Catholics, if seen at all, in the distance, and therefore it is a matter of small concern in their lives; nor will they ever see it in its true proportions until it is, as they say, brought home to them and made one of their own affairs. Bringing the Catholic press, through some one or more of its representative publications, literally into the lives and homes of our Catholic people is the work of the Catholic magazine salesman. He undertakes to direct the mental vision of, let us say, Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown to this tremendous factor in the furtherance and preservation of Catholic faith, and by arousing their interest he furnishes them, as it were, with a mental telescope, so that they might attain a just view of this factor's bigness and importance.

Were it not for such personal solicitation, a great number of Smiths and Browns would probably never

give a second thought to the Catholic press or its support; and the Catholic press would continue, in their estimation, a matter of minor consideration. Hence the salesman of the Catholic periodical is doing an essential work, essential in a spiritual sense and a work which, when well done, will bring to the door a great satisfaction—greater by far than the material compensation implies.—X.

### Abbey and Seminary

—The charm of vacation hovers over Abbey and Seminary. Hall and cell are empty. In summer the community is greatly reduced numerically, but the matin bells chime out as usual at 3:45 a. m. each morn and choir and daily High Mass go on uninterruptedly. The absent brethren are commended to God at each canonical hour of the office. May God continue to preserve us in the bonds of charity and peace and send us an increase of vocations for the priesthood in our community and for the brotherhood too. To each of these ranks comes the call from on high. According to the inspired word of Holy Writ this call should be heeded: "To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

—Fathers Sylvester and Justin made a flying trip per Buick to Indiana in behalf of the Indian missions. Before reaching us, however, the latter was threatened with a serious illness, which necessitated his betaking himself at once to the hospital. There medical attention soon restored to him vigor and vitality. Time did not permit his tarrying with us, but Father Sylvester spent two days in our midst. Our missions are suffering for lack of sufficient missionaries to carry on the work of evangelization—and we have no more to send. Who will heed the call?

—Our monastic home, now on one of the cross-country highways, no longer enjoys the quiet of former years. Screaming sirens and honking horns of the automobile rend the air by day, and powerful pillars of penetrating light, like the antennae of a monstrous beetle, puncture the inky blackness that envelopes our hemisphere at night. Thus, through the practical application of the ingenuity of man, has modern discovery removed the "backwoods" atmosphere back a few notches and brought us some degrees nearer to what is termed civilization.

—Except for an almost constant stream of visitors on July Fourth, who stopped in passing to see church and museum, there was no excitement on the hill. In the late afternoon and evening the strains of jazz came floating up the slope from the village below.

—Work on the new St. Benedict basilica at Evansville is making rapid progress. The contractors promise to have the sacred edifice ready for occupancy by the end of the current year. Father Abbot performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone on July 10th.

—Rev. Carl Weber, of Gorham, Kansas, class of '02, spent several days at his *alma mater* towards the end of June.

—For years past the number of applicants for the clerical novitiate at St. Meinrad has been scant and meager in the extreme. As a consequence our schools and missions need help that is not forthcoming. This summer, however, the floodgates of grace have been lifted, thanks be to God, and an inundation of aspirants has poured out upon us. When the school year was drawing to a close, fourteen young men applied for admission to the novitiate. After a brief vacation twelve returned on July 9th to put their vocation to a test. The clothing of the new novices with the religious garb will take place at five-o'clock Mass on August 5th. May God, who has called these young men to His service, grant them the grace of perseverance; and may He inspire many another to follow their noble example.

—What has been said regarding the scarcity of vocations to the priesthood in our community, applies with equal force to vocations to the brotherhood. Few there are of our American boys and young men to whom the humble calling of the lay brother seems to appeal. This is due in great measure, we are sure, to want of knowledge regarding the religious state and the great reward laid up for those who follow it faithfully. The life of the lay brother is a hidden life in God. He does not perform his daily tasks to win the praise of men; his labors and prayers and sacrifices, concealed as they are from the eyes of men, have eternal value in the sight of God.

—Rev. Francis X. Lasance, class of '83, one of the most widely known of our alumni, whose books of devotion have accomplished untold good wherever the English tongue is spoken, was recently the recipient of words of praise from Rome. Through Cardinal Gasparri the Holy Father sent a letter of encouragement together with the Apostolic Blessing. Archbishop McNicholas had in mind to ask that the purple and the title of monsignor be bestowed upon the humble compiler of spiritual books, but Father Lasance firmly refused the distinction. In 1891, eight years after his ordination, Father Lasance broke down completely. Since that time he has borne the cross of suffering. Like the busy bee that flits from flower to flower in quest of precious honey, Father Lasance has occupied his leisure hours in sipping spiritual sweets—the choicest thoughts of spiritual writers—and with these treasures he has compiled the choicest books of wholesome piety. *Ad multos felicesque annos!*

### Book Notices

Where and How to Sell Manuscripts, by William B. McCourtie, is a book that should prove of great value to all who wish to place literary products on the market. The compiler has taken great pains to furnish a complete list of the literary markets in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and the British and American colonies. "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts" is not merely a catalog of periodicals and other publications, but rather an encyclopedia which gives all the information that a writer needs to know: the kind of publication, the kind of articles desirable, length, remuneration, etc. The volume closes with information on Copyright, and Law of Copyright, and a general index

in which each publication listed is given alphabetically. 482 pages. Price, \$3.50. The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.

The Truths of the Catholic Church, by Rev. Hugh O'Lavery, B. A. The author covers the ground of the Catholic Faith in simple yet attractive style so that any reader may easily grasp the explanation. In the chapter on Confirmation the gifts of the Holy Ghost are clearly and nicely defined. The time-worn controversies are definitely disposed of in a few brief sentences. Possibly in a future edition the solid matter might with advantage be broken up into smaller paragraphs to relieve the eye. Paper cover—220 pages—25¢. Special discount to the Clergy. Published by D. B. Hansen and Sons, 27 N. Franklin St., Chicago. A. S.

"Isn't Life Wonderful" is the title of a small volume of verse by Louella Loving Hutchins. But the fifteen poems that form the book are *not* so wonderful as the title would seem to indicate. In fact, they treat of commonplace subjects in a puerile manner. They lack nobility of thought, beauty of expression, rhythm and appeal. Rime alone does not make true poetry. In the poem entitled "The Bathing Beach" we find, among other faulty lines, the following: "In a bathing suit you can lay—Until in his casket I saw him lay," etc. Boards, 46 Pages. Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. P. K.

The John Murphy Co., of Baltimore, recently issued the "Priest's New Ritual" in a thoroughly revised edition. The parts have been more conveniently arranged and new blessings have been added. Among these we find the blessing of a new school and also of automobiles. The Latin text, which is accompanied by a translation into English, is printed in black, while the rubrics are, as the name indicates, in red. The responses for baptism and matrimony are given in six modern languages.

"The Gift of Life," the Rite of Baptism Newly Translated, by Richard Edward Power, a priest of the Diocese of Springfield, Mass., is a 33-page booklet, Series II, No. 4, of the Popular Liturgical Library, that comes from the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. (Price, 10¢ per copy.) This booklet would be useful in the hands of sponsors and others who wish to follow the ceremonies of baptism. It is eminently suitable for all who desire a manual explanatory of this great sacrament.

The Evil of Mixed Marriages, Words of Friendly Counsel, American edition by Rev. Dr. Charles P. Bruehl, is a pamphlet of 32 pages published by Joseph Schaefer (23 Barclay St., New York). Let all who are contemplating mixed marriages read the wholesome instruction contained in this pamphlet. Plain facts are placed before them for consideration. Pastors would do well to keep the church bookrack stocked with a supply of "The Evil of Mixed Marriages."

French's Catalogue of Plays, which may be obtained from Samuel French, (25 W. 45th St., New York), is a book of 300 pages. In the contents of this catalogue the plays are grouped according to the number of characters required. The plays are indexed by titles.

### Books Received

From the Christopher Publishing House, Boston: Flame Wings, by Evelyn M. Watson, a book of poems. 124 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Juvenile Jingles, written and illustrated by Marie Ker. 74 pages. Price, \$1.50.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Hidden Gold

### CHAPTER XIV

#### DISCOVERED

JASPER was busy getting up a "bachelor supper" for himself. There were odds and ends from the day before, a tomato or two, a little potato salad, two doughnuts and a bun from the morning, and a couple of hot roast pork sandwiches which he had just purchased at the corner Delicatessen. The coffee was bubbling merrily in the glass top of the percolator, and he had just gone to the refrigerator to retrieve what was left of the cream from breakfast, when there was a sudden ring at the doorbell. Absent-mindedly leaving the refrigerator door open, he arose and hastened to answer the summons.

There stood a messenger boy with a telegram. Of course; Cynthia had forgotten something, or either just thought of some idea with regard to the business. He signed, closed the door, and tore open the envelope.

"Arriving 11:55 to-night. Meet us with taxi."

Cynthia.

"Well, of all the—what on earth!" exclaimed Jasper to himself, scratching his head in bewilderment, his usual gesture. "I wonder what's happened now?" he mused. He looked at the kitchen alarm clock, and saw that it lacked just ten minutes of seven. "Plenty of time to eat my supper, anyway," he thought. "Guess she was restless; she never did favor idleness; never could sit still with her hands in her lap."

Meanwhile, Madame and Maud were speeding homeward in the train. "No use staying on any longer now," Madame was saying fiercely to herself. "I went up there to get away from her, but she found me anyway, the minx. A thousand at one throw! Heavens, what would Jasper say if he knew? Have to get home and save expenses now. No more mooning in the mountains for me; no rest for the weary; I shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone harder than ever now, to make up that awful deficit. I hope it's the last; I do hope to everlasting goodness she lets me alone now!" It was all Madame kept doing during the whole journey back: churning things about in her mind in this vein. Maud could hardly pry a word out of her; Madame bought her a children's magazine and all the candy and

soda and peanuts she could eat, just so she might dwell within her own thoughts, and not have to keep up a conversation. She even pretended to be asleep, the while she revolved schemes in her mind for retrieving the lost thousand—business schemes; drives for more customers, attractive prices, enticing offers that would bring in more business; she would have to double, even triple her profits in the fall, in order to wipe out the loss she had just sustained.

She was a hard bargainer and a shrewd schemer, and she was determined that, come what may, the loss had to be made up. Then a new thought struck her; surely; it was a good idea. She must leave no stone unturned. In four months she would have \$100 made up; ten times 100 made \$1000. Ten times four months was forty months, or three years and four months. The thousand could be made up in that way, even if no more profits than usual came in. Jasper would most certainly object though—well, Jasper must not know then. She would not tell him. She would go over to the two old maids herself and tell them that for pressing reasons, she would be obliged to raise their rent to \$100 per month. They were paying \$75 now, and the \$25 per month raise would come in mighty handy. It was a good house, the Penn Street house, she argued, a better house than any in the neighborhood, and \$75 was much too cheap for it. Yes, she would go herself and speak to the two ladies; at the same time she would see what kind of housekeepers they were, and if they had many boarders. Jasper had intimated that they were rather better than ordinary, and that \$75 per month was better than prolonged vacancy. Well, perhaps so, but—she needed the money, and this was no time for nicety and sentiment.

She went on in this vein until she actually did fall asleep after the evening shadows had fallen. She had had but little sleep the night before, being nervously awake to every grinding noise, and peeping out of the window of the sleeper to see if anything were wrong. Reassured, she would lie down again, only to leap up at the next rumbling sound, and squint out at the flying black shapes through the tiny square of window. So all day exhaustion had been growing upon her, until evening found her leaning back in her seat, sound asleep.

Maud did not disturb her, and she continued sleeping until the tunnel was reached, after crossing the river. Then, at the conductor's loud cry, she awoke with a

start, and half dazed, began to assemble her belongings, wondering how in the world she could have reached her home city so suddenly. Jasper was at the iron gates, waiting, and both ran to kiss him in glad reunion.

"My, but you are back soon," he was saying, smiling in unaffected gladness to have them both back.

"How is everything coming?" asked Madame. "I had no rest; I had to get back to work." Jasper shook his head at her.

"That's the great trouble with you, Cynthy. You don't know how to relax. You should have compelled yourself to remain the full month. I have a good mind to pack you right back on the return train."

"You can go back with Maud if you like. You could stand a rest yourself; but as for me, I'm through with vacations. I get more fun out of my Salon than out of all the mountains in the world."

"Now, that's too bad. You haven't learned how to play, Cynthy. All work and no play—you know the adage."

"Oh, with me it's different. My work is my play. How's Pom? Did he miss me? I felt so lost without him. I would have taken him along, only I wasn't sure whether they allowed dogs at the hotel."

"He is as good as gold," replied Jasper. "Behaved himself like a little gentleman. Of course, he missed you; you could see that. He would go up to our room sniffing around and whining, and if he found anything of yours, he would cry louder than ever."

"Really? The cunning thing! But—say, Jasper, did—that woman come around while I was gone?" Jasper laughed.

"Worrying about her again? Why no; she never so much as showed her face. Wait till you see the little blue sign the Agency put up. That ought to keep the prowlers away." Madame sighed with relief. The "preying wolverine" was satisfied for awhile, or ought to be. She had \$1500 of Madame's money now, and that ought to suffice for some time. Perhaps she would stop pestering altogether now. Madame sincerely hoped so, and resolutely put all thought of her aside.

Next day she could hardly wait for breakfast to be finished, so that she might put her new schemes into operation. She could not begin too soon, she told herself, to make up the loss. In the back of her head, too, she had in mind the visit to the Penn Street house, as soon as she could get away. But the day was so full of important work, requiring her personal supervision, that she was unable to leave. So she determined to go on the morrow without fail. In two or three days the rent would be due, and she intended sending them a written notice of the raise. Meanwhile, she thought it best to advise them verbally first, feel them out, and get a general look at the place.

The day dawned drizzly and threatening, and Madame looked out the window a number of times, feeling disinclined to make the trip in the rain. Just after lunch, however, finding that the weather was not improving any, and not wishing to lose any more time, she phoned for a taxi to take her there. She had almost decided, before her trip, to purchase a coupe, so that

she need not use the public vehicles, and risk encountering the one she so hated and feared. But now, it was out of the question. With a big loss to make up, such luxuries were not to be thought of. So, before long, she was being swiftly carried to her destination. Bidding the chauffeur wait for her, she alighted, and mounted the front steps. She noted that they were scrupulously clean and white, in spite of their age and many cracks; the porch floor too, was immaculately scrubbed, and the windows, with their crisp, starched curtains, were polished until they glittered.

"Hm," mused Madame, looking about her with satisfaction, "Jasper seems to have been right in his opinion of the ladies." The grass, too, was neatly cut, and, though there were several trees, not a leaf lay about. The walks, though lined with many cracks, were neatly swept, and all the unsightly boards and rubbish with which the yard had been previously strewn, were removed out of sight. Madame hesitated; no wonder Jasper had been so afraid she would raise the rent. If they were really such scrupulous housekeepers, and they were unable to pay the increase, it would be a shame to lose them. She put her finger to the bell button, touched it lightly, and then put her hand down again without pressing it. Shall she ring, or not? Then, suddenly pulling herself together at thought of the thousand loss, she told herself she must be firm. Money was money, and this rent raise was justly hers if she could obtain it; why be sorry for others? Would anyone be so kind as to offer to make up her \$1000 loss? No; in this world it was everyone for himself. So, reasoning with herself in this vein, she finally did ring the bell. After a moment's wait, the door opened, and—Sister Helen, with her sweet, spiritual face, framed in its graceful veil, bowed and bade her good afternoon.

Anyone could have knocked Madame over with a straw; she stared, gasped, turned red then pale, and steadied herself by the door jamb.

"Why—why—I thought—I didn't know—" she began incoherently. The good nun, to cover her evident embarrassment, smiled reassuringly.

"Would you like to see the Superior?" she asked.

"Why I didn't know my husband had—did he rent this place to you?"

"Whom do you mean? Mr. Valens rented it to us."

"Mr. Valens; yes, that is my husband." The effect of Cynthia's words were like magic upon the nun. Her eyes lighted up like a thousand electric lights, and her smile became more beautiful than ever.

"Then you are Mrs. Valens! Come in, my dear! Come in!" And the good sister grasped both Cynthia's hands, and drew her within, closing the door after her. "Wait till I tell our Superior!" And before Madame could protest, or realize what had happened, Sister Helen actually skipped down the hall to call the elder nun.

"Sister Elsa Marie! Come quick! See who is here!" And she instantly returned, drawing Sister Elsa Marie by the hand. "This is Mrs. Valens, come to make us a visit! What do you think?" And the two nuns "made over," and welcomed Madame so heartily, that she was



completely drawn out of herself, and almost forgot why she had come.

"Sh!" said the Superior. "Come with me; don't say a word. We will surprise him." And, pulling Madame by the hand, she led her to a large room at the rear, which they called their kindergarten. There, to Cynthia's unbounded surprise, she found Jasper seated, in the center of a circle of children, telling stories.

"It is the story hour," explained Sister Elsa Marie in a low voice. "He comes every other day or so at this hour, and the children simply hang upon his words. He is a marvelous story teller." Then aloud—"Mr. Valens, excuse us a moment, please. We have a surprise for you." And Jasper turned, and gasped in turn.

"Well, you found me out, Cynthia, didn't you?" he said, not feeling very certain whether she would approve or not. But Madame acted like one bewitched or enchanted. She smiled graciously and shook her finger at her husband.

"So that is why you come home late to dinner so often!" she said playfully. "Just go on with the story, please. The children must not be disappointed." The sisters brought another chair, and invited Cynthia to be seated, the while she listened with the others. After awhile Sister Elsa Marie suggested that Cynthia go over the building with her, while Jasper finished out the hour. So they went, and Madame was deeply impressed, and the more she saw, the farther away she felt herself slipping from the original object of her visit. At the last, when Jasper was finished, the nuns led them both into a little room where a small table was set for just two.

Here they were placed opposite each other, and served with ice cream, cake and lemonade, which two first items, Sister Henrietta, the cook, had hurriedly sent out one of the larger girls to purchase at a nearby store. All was pleasantries, kindness, and gracious speech, and the good nuns could not do enough to express their love and gratitude toward these two, who, they felt, had made possible this work in which they were engaged.

"What do you think of the place?" asked Sister Helen, while they were engaged in eating.

"Why, I think you've made a wonderful transformation," replied Madame, feeling a little chagrined, because the joke was on her. But try as she might, she could find no fault whatsoever with the place, even though some of the up-stairs partitions had been knocked out to make dormitories. No wonder Jasper had been against raising the rent! She herself could never get up courage enough to bring up the question. Well—she would have to retrieve her thousand from other sources. But this would have helped so much, she thought with regret.

"Now, before you go," said the Superior, when they had finished, "the children are going to sing a song or two for you. So come with me." She led them to a classroom, where the children were assembled, and a sister sat at a small parlor organ. "All right," said Sister Elsa Marie, and the youngsters sang "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and "Star Spangled Banner," end-

ing with "Mary, Star of the Sea." Then Madame happened to think of the taxi still waiting outside.

"Bless me," she said. "That man's been waiting out there all this time. My bill will be ten dollars. I must be going. Are you coming with me, Jasper?"

And so they departed, with the good nuns' warm handclaps and hearty good wishes and loving gratitude trailing out after them. They remained at the open door until the taxi was out of sight. Jasper was waiting for Madame to begin. She did begin by looking at him reproachfully.

"And you kept all this from me," was all she said. Jasper grasped her hand.

"Cynthia, you will have to forgive me. I realize I did wrong by not telling you anything, but you see, I met the good nuns on the street, looking for a place, and your place was vacant, and I thought you could never get better tenants than they are, so I rented the place to them. Do you think I've made a mistake, now that you've seen everything?"

"No; but the thing is, I think the place is worth more money, and this ties my hands. How can I raise their rent now, knowing it is a charitable institution? And I need the money badly."

"I am so sorry, Cynthia. But you wouldn't turn them out, my dear, would you? I doubt if you would get anyone to pay \$100, and even if you could, you wouldn't get as good tenants as the sisters, in their neighborhood."

"Oh, you needn't argue in the least. I have no intention of turning them out. In fact, I suppose they will remain there until the place falls down—they will never move of their own volition, and I would have to be pretty raw to treat them like that after the reception they gave me."

"Didn't I tell you they were lovely, refined women?"

"Yes, but I had no idea that was the orphanage you were running to all the time. That Sister Elsa Marie is a real business woman. You can see that by the way she manages the place."

"Then you are perfectly satisfied with your tenants?" Madame sighed.

"Yes; but who would have dreamed you were such a schemer?" Jasper chuckled happily.

"At any rate, you've met the good sisters at last. I have been wanting you to do that for the longest time, but didn't know how to go about it. You see, Cynthia, I was between two fires; I was afraid to tell you I had rented to the sisters, and I just couldn't resist giving them the place and helping them all I could." Madame shook her head.

"I really believe, Jasper, you'd sell Maud and me, body and soul, to further your charitable schemes. Who would ever have believed it of you? And here I was thinking you were a quiet, mouselike person, who never had a thought above his pipe and paper."

"Well, I hope that now you will come and visit the sisters often; won't you?"

"There; didn't I say you would try to drag me into your charities? I don't know whether I will or not; one of us at least will have to keep a level head and

attend to business. If we both go in for charity, the business would fall to pieces for want of attention."

"Well, you wouldn't have to neglect business altogether for the sake of charity. You could take it up as a side line." Madame shook her head in the negative.

"No; you just simply live in your charities, and that is enough. The other side of the family has to see that some money comes in. But, I must say the sisters have worked a marvelous transformation in the place. I admire good housekeepers."

"Yes; and haven't they done wonders with the fancy 'assorted furniture' we scouted up for them? My land! Had you seen it when we first brought it in, you would have thought the place would look like a junk shop. But they all seem to know how to handle a paint brush. Did you notice the floors?"

"Indeed I did—and—Jasper—"

"Yes?"

"I said I would not spend a cent for repairs, but—don't you think we ought to have the outside of the house painted for them?"

*(To be continued)*

## The Chinese Woman

Though we may look down upon pagans as less enlightened than we are, yet, if we peep into the courtyard of a Chinese home, we will find a high standard of morality and decorum, which the women of the western world might well copy. The Chinese woman lives for home and husband and family; of course, in these modern days, she, too, is attending colleges and universities, and entering the professions, but, in the main, the Chinese woman, having finished her education, returns to her sheltered home, where a marriage is arranged for her by her parents. She does not see her fiancé until the day of the wedding, when she is carried in a "marriage chair" from her home to that of her husband.

Thenceforth she is under the jurisdiction of her mother-in-law, who reigns supreme over sons and daughters-in-law. The sons all bring their wives to live under the maternal roof, and, no matter how old the sons are, they must always consult their mother's wishes before going into transactions of any moment. For instance, a certain Chinese official was approached by a Protestant minister for a permit to build a church on a certain site. The official replied, saying he would have to speak to his mother first. The new church was to be situated quite close to the temple where his mother usually worshipped, and she was afraid that the tall spire of the "foreign God" would interfere with the good spirits which came bringing blessings from the temple to her roof tree. So she vetoed the proposal, and the official refused the permit to the minister.

To the Chinese woman, home and family life are something sacred; her one prayer is to be the mother of many sons, and for that purpose, she lights candles and burns incense and paper money before the goddess Kwan-yin, who is the goddess of mercy, and listens to

the prayers of women. No matter how great her love, she always preserves a degree of decorum and reserve with her men-folk, some even going so far as to maintain that it is not modest for a married woman to write to her husband direct, if he is absent, but that her messages should be sent through a brother or other relative.

She never leaves her home alone to go shopping, but always takes her mother-in-law or a sister-in-law with her. It is not considered decent for one man to inquire about another man's wife, even that of his dearest friend. The Chinese woman trains her daughters to be good housekeepers, to be meek, modest, and submissive to their husbands, to place motherhood as the highest aim of their lives. To have a sharp tongue, an unbending will, or to show anger and impatience are considered the height of indecency for a Chinese woman. Obedience is instilled into the children as the cardinal virtue, and though mothers-in-law sometimes become a trifle difficult, on account of the supreme authority vested in them, yet, all are bound to show a respectful silence in her presence, and disobedience of her mandates is a thing unheard of.

## Our Kitchens

We are through with drab, uninteresting kitchens today; even sober grays and tans are being discarded, and we are going in for vivid combinations—something to cheer the spirit, and take away the monotony of endlessly repeated tasks. Bright Chinese red chairs and table, edged and trimmed with black, together with a dull red linoleum marked off with black squares, are quite the thing just now, and the old kitchen cabinet, perhaps a much-used article of yellow oak, needing a little furbishing, may be painted in the same bright shade, to match.

We are indulging in breakfast nooks too, and if there is no convenient little alcove in which the table and chairs may be arranged, perhaps the kitchen is large enough to admit of a table and two high-backed benches at a bright window. These may be purchased unpainted, and one may indulge in any color combination he has at heart. Transfer pictures of sprays are much used, and these may be purchased and placed on the backs of chairs, benches, and on the table corners. For the kitchen with the red enamel furniture, the curtains may be of unbleached muslin, yellow marquise or voile, embroidered with red flowers and black stems; or a chintz or cretonne in the matching colors may be used. One housewife used red-checked gingham edged in black buttonhole, with black embroidered sprays at the corners; she also made another set of white voile edged in a red-checked gingham ruffle.

A gay red geranium or two in a red and black enameled pot sets off the picture. If chintz curtains are used at the windows, the high-backed benches may be furnished with cushions to match; this takes away their stiffness, and adds to their comfort. These sets will cozily accommodate four or even more persons, and

if there are more, a chair can easily be placed at either end of the table.

If the bright red is not liked, there are other pleasing combinations, such as Georgian green and ivory, coral pink and black, or Copenhagen blue and buff. The transfer sprays give the work a professional touch.

## The Friendly Fireplace

In these latter days, when the heating problem is taken care of by furnaces, hot water, steam, electric, gas, and oil systems, many architects have taken the liberty of omitting fireplaces and mantelpieces entirely from their house plans. But how bare and uninteresting is the living room without this adornment—even though the fireplace possesses no logs or andirons, and is only a "dummy."

In the olden days, when stoves were unknown, there was a fireplace in every room—not a dummy, but the real thing, upon which the family depended for heat. The kitchen usually possessed the largest fireplace in the house. This was built of ordinary brick, and had, inside, a swinging crane for the kettle, and a spit on which meats and fowl were roasted. On the sides were pothooks, where vessels of food were hung to keep hot after being cooked. There was the inevitable brass shovel, tongs, and warming pan, and ladles, skimmers, and cook spoons, hung in an orderly row, and kept burnished bright as the sun. There was a foot warmer, a box of sand, which was heated in very cold weather, for the feet to be placed upon. To sweep up the ashes that were constantly being scattered on the hearth, a large turkey wing was always kept hanging next to the other utensils.

The oven was built at the side of the opening where the logs were burnt, and, like the principle of the present-day fireless cooker, the firebrands were first heaped upon the oven bricks, and the latter thoroughly heated. Then the coals were raked down, and the pies, beans or Indian pudding, as the case may have been, were placed upon the hot bricks, and the iron door closed.

At first these fireplaces were of moderate size, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, housebuilders got the false notion that the larger the fireplace, the more heat would be obtained. It remained for the more sensible eighteenth century to discover that such fireplaces not only burned a great deal of fuel, but that the cold air was thrust in great masses down the chimney by the draught, and that it took an enormous fire to heat all this excess coldness. Some of these fireplaces were six feet wide, four high, and three deep, and a couple of chairs might easily be accommodated in them at either end.

But as forests were being constantly cut down to provide these immense logs, fuel began to be scarce, and, in consequence, fireplaces began to be built smaller, with the result that, with the smaller amount of cold air to contend with, the heat was found to be thrown farther out into the room. Although we deem ourselves far ahead of those primitive times, with their old-fashioned methods and contrivances, yet, when we examine

into the conveniences (?) our Colonial ancestors had, we will find that they were really not badly off.

No modern contrivance has bettered the slow, full, juicy method of roasting meat upon a spit, and our superheated houses have diminished the robust constitutions our ancestors enjoyed.

## Household Hints

When refinishing furniture, if there are any deep scratches or gouges, purchase stick shellac at the hardware store, mahogany or brown, according to the wood of the furniture; heat a poker or other iron rod, hold above scratch or hole, touch hot iron to shellac and let drip into marred place, and quickly smooth over with a knife, wiping off surplus with cloth. When varnished over, the marred places will hardly be noticed.

You can make a nice dessert of rhubarb by adding gelatin, nuts, cut-up figs or dates, and placing in a mould. Or use small individual moulds, and serve in patty shells.

Eat salt-water fish often, as they contain a large amount of iodine, so valuable in the prevention and cure of goiter.

Hair dried in the sun, aided by towels rubbed with the hands, is by far the healthiest. Many of the new quick hair-drying inventions dry up half the oils, so necessary to healthy natural growth.

Rag rugs will stay clean longer if given a light starching.

Make enough cranberry jelly for the winter; then you will have it ready whenever you have company for dinner, and time is valuable.

## Recipes

**RED CHERRY CONSERVE:** If cherries are not available, grapes, plums, or ground-up tart pears may be used. To six pounds of fruit add 6 pounds of sugar, 1 pound of seedless raisins, the pulp and grated rind of 2 oranges and 1 lemon. Cook all together until of the consistency of jam. Just before putting into glasses, add ½ pound of chopped walnut meats.

**AFTERNOON TEA SANDWICH:** For that impromptu bite you like to serve with the iced tea on the porch of a hot afternoon, when callers drop in, the following sandwich will be enjoyable: Beat ½ cup cream or pimento cheese into 1/3 of a small jar of mayonnaise; when free from lumps, add ¼ cup minced green pepper and ¼ cup minced celery. Add a pinch of salt and a dash of paprika, if liked, and spread on triangles of white bread. Another: ½ cup peanut butter beaten into ½ small jar of mayonnaise. Add ¼ cup chopped olives.

Dot had spent her vacation in the country. Many were the wonders she had to relate to mother when she returned to the city.

"And, Mama, would you believe it, I saw them taking milk from a cow, and it was just as good as what the milkman brings us."





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No. 278—Youthful Plaits. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3072—Exclusive Sports Style. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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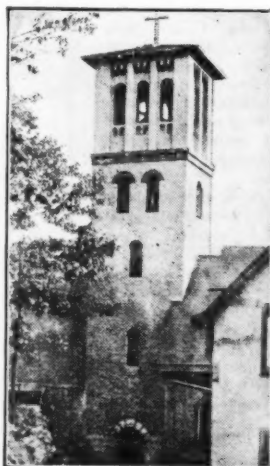
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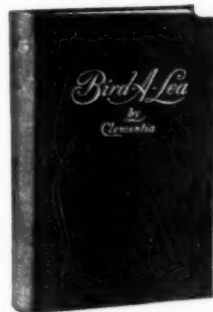


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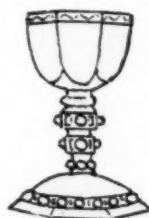
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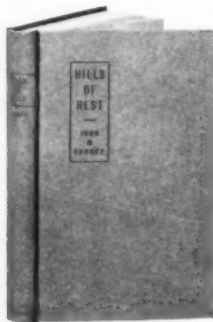
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